

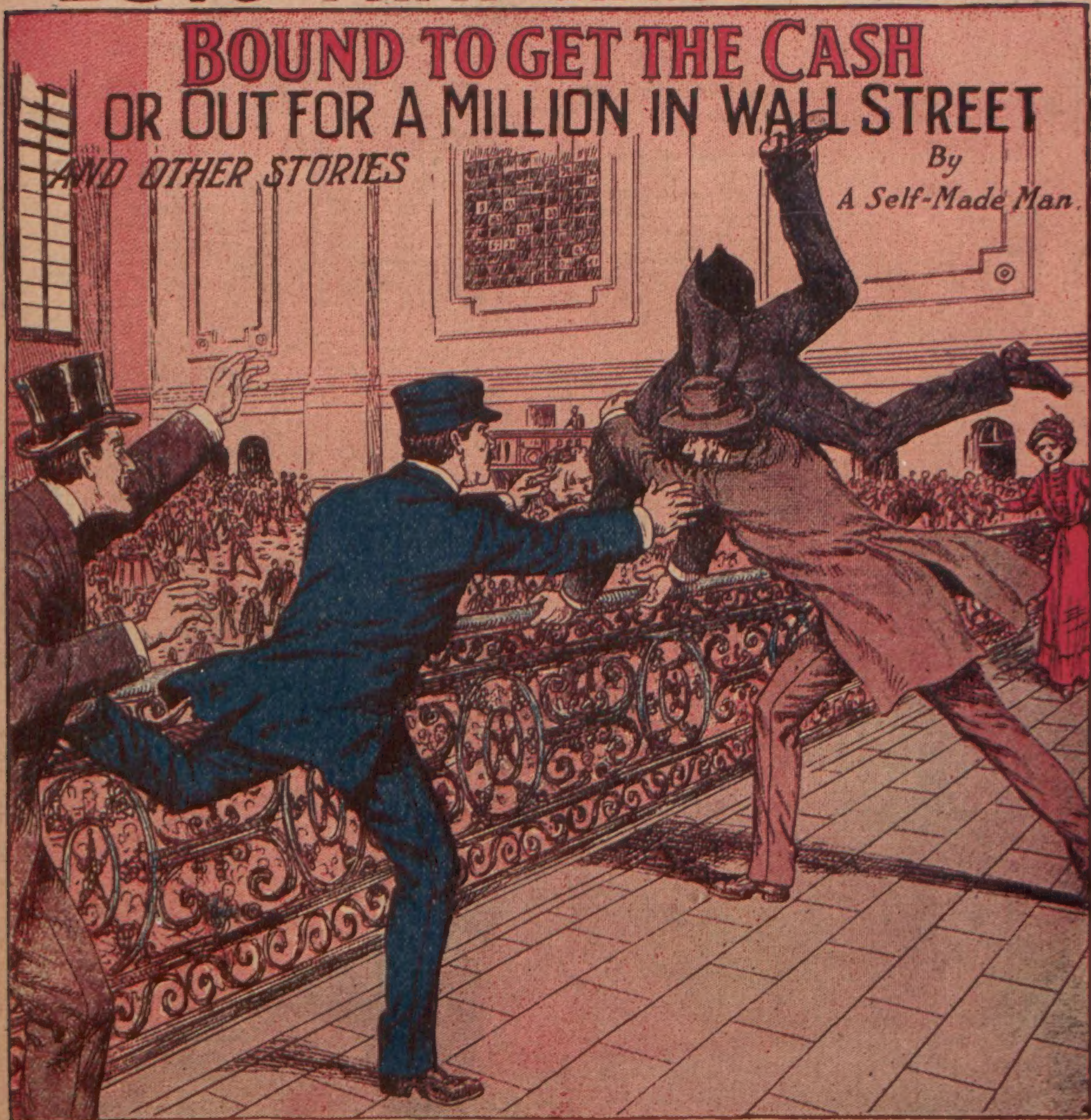
FAME & FORTUNE WEEKLY.

STORIES OF BOYS THAT MAKE MONEY.

**BOUND TO GET THE CASH
OR OUT FOR A MILLION IN WALL STREET**

AND OTHER STORIES

*By
A Self-Made Man.*



The furious man suddenly seized the boy. "I'll fire you down in the pit!" he yelled. With that he raised Jimmy and tried to carry out his threat, but the lad grasped the railing. An attendant rushed toward them.

FAME AND FORTUNE WEEKLY

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Bound To Get the Cash

OR, OUT FOR A MILLION IN WALL STREET

BY A SELF-MADE MAN

CHAPTER I.—The Bag of Gold.

"That rascal ruined my father, and I'm going to get square with him!" said Jimmy Watson, in a resolute tone.

"How are you?" replied his friend Billy Dutton incredulously. "Nathan Myers is worth a million dollars, they say, while you're worth—comparatively nothing."

"Never you mind how I'm going to do it; I'll get there. Richer men than Myers have gone to the wall down here in the financial district."

"Sure they have, but it took a bad turn of the market, at a critical moment in their affairs or a combination of interests to dump them. Myers may see his finish yet, but you won't have a hand in it."

"If I don't, it will be because he will get it in the neck before I can get my work in."

"How did he ruin your father?"

"He and my father went into a certain deal that promised big returns. At the critical moment Myers sold his stock and dropped out of the game. Left without support, my father could not stem a sagging market. Prices slumped so fast that he was overwhelmed and couldn't meet his engagements. He was sold out under the rules of the Exchange, his seat had to go to make good his losses and he was obliged to retire from Wall Street."

"That was rough."

"Rough! It was an outrage! Had Myers stuck it out, both he and my father would have finished winners."

"Was it a case of rattles on Myers' part?"

"No; it was a case of crookedness. He thought he sold us out to the enemy."

"What has your father been doing since?"

"Nothing. The treachery of the man who pretended to be his friend broke his heart, and he's been a wreck ever since. He's living with his sister on the old homestead up the State. His hair is white at fifty. His old Wall Street associates wouldn't know him to-day if he appeared on the street. When I think that Myers is responsible for his present condition, it makes me boiling mad."

"And now you're out for Myers' scalp? If he heard that it would make him laugh, I'll bet."

"He who laughs last laughs best."

"I wish you luck, old man; but I fancy you'll need money to buck against a man like Myers. Where do you expect to get it?"

"That's one of my business secrets. Just pin this fact in your hat: I'm bound to get the cash."

The words were hardly out of his mouth before a heavy object crashed upon the pavement at the speaker's feet and, splitting open, a stream of golden double-eagles spread over one of his shoes.

"Gee whiz!" ejaculated Billy, looking at the ruptured canvas bag of gold and then turning his eyes upward toward the windows of the skyscraper in front of which they stood.

Jimmy lost no time in looking upward. He stooped and gathered the gold coins in his hat, then placed the bag holding the remainder on top of them and rose. He acted so quickly that the few persons who saw the incident got only an imperfect idea of what had happened. None of them had caught sight of the money, and so not the least bit of excitement took place, except in the case of Billy.

"Holy smoke! Suppose that bag had struck either of us?" he said. "How much gold do you suppose was in it?"

"From the weight of the whole thing in my hat I should say about \$10,000."

"What are you going to do with it? I can't make out what window it came out of."

"We'll wait here. Somebody is sure to come down in a great sweat, looking for it. I'll have the pleasure of restoring it to him without a coin missing."

"It was a singular coincidence that it should come down right at your feet just as you remarked that you were bound to get the cash. You certainly got it that time."

"That's right; only it doesn't belong to me. I wish it did."

"I'd be satisfied if I could annex just one of those yellow pieces. I'd feel flush," said Billy, looking into Jimmy's hat where he could see the edges of a score of \$20 gold coins.

The minutes passed, but no excited individual came rushing out of the entrance after the money bag. People passed in and out all the time, as well as up and down the street, yet the two boys waited in vain for anybody to claim the money.

"Mighty funny that the owner of that bag doesn't turn up," said Billy.

"It's his funeral, not ours," said Jimmy. "I'm giving him every chance, but I'm not going to stand here bareheaded all day for his accommodation."

"If no one claims it, are you going to keep it?"

"If no one claims it, I'll consider the occurrence as the eighth wonder of the world. I never

heard of anybody dropping ten thousand dollars into the street just for fun."

Five minutes more elapsed without result.

"Come on," said Jimmy. "I'm going to carry the money to a safe-deposit vault and rent a box to put it in. When I find the owner, he can have his property when he pays the expense of its safekeeping."

"How do you expect to find the owner?"

"I shall notify the superintendent of this building of the circumstances, and ask him to make inquiries."

"Then you'll have a hundred people or more laying claim to the money."

"Anybody but the rightful owner will have a sweet time guessing how much money was contained in the bag, and one or two other facts about it. The man who gets it from me will have to furnish positive proofs of ownership," said Jimmy, as they walked away.

At the entrance to the Washington Safe Deposit Vaults Billy said he'd have to get back to his office, so Jimmy entered the place alone. He rented a \$5 box and before he put the money in it he counted it carefully and found that it amounted to \$8,654. There were certain marks on the bag, among which was a big splash of red ink.

Jimmy folded the bag, with the marks inward, and placed it in the box, too. Then, with a pair of keys, he left the place and took his way up to the little bank on Nassau street, for the boy was out of a job at that particular time. The errand that took him to the little bank was a personal one. He had a deal on tap in A. & G. stock—100 shares which he had bought on margin at 97. It was now ruling at 102, consequently Jimmy was \$500 ahead.

As he was depending on a tip he had acquired, he looked to see the price go as much higher, perhaps even more. He entered the waiting room and took his seat among the crowd of habitués, who made the bank their daily haunt. At the end of the room, facing the crowd, was a big blackboard, on which the market quotations were chalked up under their respective headings as fast as they came over the wire from the operator at the Exchange. Jimmy viewed them through a hazy cloud of tobacco smoke. While he looked at all of them, his attention was riveted in particular on the stock he was interested in. A bright-looking boy was Jimmy Watson.

Until his father's financial collapse he attended a Long Island military academy where he was fitting himself for college. His father's failure put an end to his hopes of going to Princeton, and he went to work as a messenger for a broker named Taylor. After serving a few months on the lowest round of the ladder, he was promoted to the counting room, where he was gradually getting an insight into the brokerage business when his employer died, the business was sold to another broker, and changes were made in the office that led to Jimmy's dismissal with others.

Since then he had been putting in his time speculating, with very fair success, and liked being his own boss so much that he didn't try to get another job. Jimmy hadn't been more than half an hour in the waiting room when a buzz of excitement ran through the room. The cause of this was the sudden boom in A. & G., which be-

gan going up like a house afire. There was a general rush on the part of those loungers who had money in their pockets to buy the stock on margin. Inside of an hour A. & G. reached 112. There it paused as if for breath, and Jimmy began to consider about selling.

Before he had decided the matter the price went up to 115 and a fraction. Then it stopped again. Jimmy decided he wouldn't take any more chances with it, so he went to the margin clerk's window and ordered his shares sold. His order was attended to with others at once, and then the boy left the bank for a quick-lunch house a short distance away.

CHAPTER II.—Through the Keyhole.

While at the little bank Jimmy had forgotten about the incident of the bag of gold, but it recurred to his mind as soon as he got his deal off his hands and got out in the open air again. It was certainly a most astonishing affair, he thought. It was astonishing in the first place that a bag of money, in value over \$8,000, should fall out of a window; and it was surprising that the occurrence attracted so little attention.

"After I've had lunch I'll drop in at the building and see the superintendent," he said to himself. "He probably has heard about the matter by this time, and I'll be able to locate the owner of the money. If he hasn't heard he'll post a guarded kind of notice in the elevators that will bring the matter to the attention of the right person. Maybe I'll get a present out of it. At any rate, I won't turn down anything that comes my way, for I'm out for the cash and I'm bound to get it."

Half an hour later he was talking to the superintendent of the big office building.

"What's that? You say a bag of \$20 gold pieces fell out of a window of this building and you picked it up?" said the surprised man.

"Yes. I waited out in front more than a quarter of an hour for somebody to come out and claim it, but nobody did," replied Jimmy.

"Where's the money?"

"Locked up in a safe-deposit vault waiting for the owner to come forward, claim it and prove property."

"What do you want me to do about it?"

"Post a notice in the elevators, or in some prominent place where it can be seen, asking the party who lost a bag of gold coin out of a front window in the building to-day to call at your office. When the party calls, get his name and address for me. I will drop in to-morrow or next day and see if you have had a claimant. If you have had one, I'll call and interview him. If the money belongs to him, he'll get it; if it doesn't, he won't," said Jimmy.

"Very well," said the superintendent, but after Jimmy had departed he began to reconsider the matter, for he suspected that the boy was trying to work off a practical joke on him.

After thinking it all over, the superintendent decided not to put up the notice. In place of that, he began a quiet investigation. He questioned all the elevator men, but none of them had heard anything about a bag of gold having fallen from

any window in the building. The chances were a hundred to one that one of them at least would have heard such a thing discussed in his elevator if it had happened.

Finally he sent the janitor around among the front tenants of the third, fourth, fifth, sixth, seventh and eighth floors to inquire if anything had fallen out of their windows. Nothing had, to the knowledge of those persons the janitor interviewed, and he so reported. The superintendent was satisfied that the boy had tried to fool him, and did not expect to see him again, consequently he was somewhat surprised when Jimmy called on him the following afternoon to see if anybody had claimed the bag.

"Nobody has, young man, and I imagine nobody will," he said.

"Why not?" asked the boy.

"Because I don't believe anything like what you told me really happened."

"You don't?"

"No. It's ridiculous."

"Well, I've a witness to prove that it did happen."

"Is he a responsible person?"

"He's a friend of mine. Broker Thompson's messenger. He was standing with me in front of the building at the moment the bag of gold hit the walk at my feet."

"A messenger, eh? A boy like yourself. I'm afraid I couldn't accept him as a witness."

"Then you think I have told you a lie and that he would back me up in it?" said Jimmy indignantly. "Do I look like that kind of boy?"

The superintendent looked at him and was obliged to confess that he didn't.

"Why are you so anxious to restore that bag of gold? Most people, particularly boys, would be glad of any excuse that would enable them to hold on to such a prize."

"I'm not anxious to hold on to what does not belong to me. The amount of gold in that bag was too large for any ordinary person to afford to lose. I don't propose to benefit myself at the owner's expense."

"Evidently you are an honest boy."

"I hope I am. I was raised that way, and I don't expect to change."

The superintendent then turned away, and Jimmie made up his mind to question the tenants himself.

Jimmy took the elevator and got off at the ninth floor to begin his inquiries among the tenants. He didn't ask if a bag of gold had fallen out of a window of the office, for the question looked almost ridiculous, but if anything had dropped out. He investigated four floors without success, and finally made the round of the thirteenth with no better success. The door of one small office at the end was locked, and Jimmy was turning away from it when it occurred to him to look through the keyhole. Seated in a pivot chair, between a desk and an open safe, he plainly saw an old man, bound and gagged. His eyes were closed, as if he were either dead or unconscious. The window curtain was drawn to a point within about three inches of the sill, and the window itself appeared to be partly open.

Naturally, this evidence of foul play greatly excited Jimmy, and all thoughts of his errand were forgotten. He tried the handle of the door,

but it was locked and the key was gone. The noise he made caused the unfortunate man in the room to open his eyes and look at the door with an eager expression. Then he began to struggle, but he was too tightly secured, legs and all, to make more than a feeble effort. Indeed, he looked exhausted and worn out, as if he had been some time in that situation.

"I see you, sir!" shouted Jimmy, through the keyhole. "I'm going to notify the superintendent at once."

He looked at the sign on the glass. The number of the room was 1316, and the name was Moses Abbott. The tenant's business was not stated. Jimmy dashed for the elevator and caught one going down. He said nothing to the operator of the cage. Reaching the ground floor, he made a beeline for the superintendent's office, a little cubbyhole in the rear, near Pine street. That individual was reading an afternoon paper. Jimmy's face indicated something unusual, and the superintendent jumped at the conclusion that he had located the owner of the bag of gold.

"Well, did you find your party?" he asked.

"I found something else," replied Jimmy. "Office No. 1316 was locked and I looked through the keyhole. I saw an old man, whom I judge is the tenant, bound and gagged in his chair."

"What!" cried the superintendent, springing to his feet. "You saw a man in the room, bound and gagged?"

"Yes, sir. The door is locked so I couldn't get in to release him. You'd better hustle up there at once."

The superintendent sent for the janitor, and the three took an elevator for the thirteenth floor.

CHAPTER III.—The Money-Lender.

Jimmy led the way to Room 1316.

"Look through the keyhole and satisfy yourself," he said to the superintendent.

That gentleman thought it beneath his dignity to do such a thing when the key was handy. He tried the knob and then motioned the janitor to open the door. The man thrust his key into the lock and threw the door open. The sight that met their eyes showed that Jimmy had told no more than the truth.

They released the old man from his predicament.

"For Heaven's sake, Mr. Abbott, how came you in this predicament?" asked the superintendent.

The old man made an effort to answer, but his voice died away in a gurgle and he fell back unconscious.

"Here, Michael, run down to the saloon on Pine street and bring a glass of cognac. Here's the money to pay for it," said the superintendent.

The janitor hurried away.

"Better telephone for an ambulance, sir," said Jimmy. "It's my opinion that is the office from which the money bag dropped yesterday. This old gentleman has been attacked and robbed. Look at the safe and the papers on the floor. If my idea is right, he's been in this condition over twenty-four hours, and he is in a pretty bad way. At any rate, he looks it."

"Over twenty-four hours—impossible! The as-

sistant janitor who looks after this floor would have found him after five o'clock yesterday when he came in here to clean up," said the superintendent.

Jimmy knew that was right, and it appeared to knock his idea of the situation out.

"Well, you may be right, but I think he needs a doctor," he said.

"I agree with you there," said the superintendent, going to the desk telephone.

He called up the nearest hospital, stated the case, and asked that an ambulance be sent to the building right away. The old man, whose business the superintendent explained was that of a money-lender, was carried from the chair to the leather-covered sofa and placed upon it. Jimmy got some water and began bathing his face. Then the janitor returned with the brandy, and the superintendent administered some of it to the old man. It brought him around and he looked feebly at the three in the room.

"Somebody attacked and robbed you, eh?" said the superintendent.

The money-lender nodded.

"Any one you know, or was it a stranger?"

After an effort the old man said:

"It—was Bogan."

"What! The janitor of this floor?" cried the superintendent incredulously.

Abbott nodded.

"When did Bogan go away last night, Michael?"

"At the usual time after finishing up, sir," replied the janitor.

The superintendent looked at his watch.

"It's time that he reported for his afternoon's work with the rest. Go down and see if he has come. If he has, fetch him up. Station a man outside on the lookout for the ambulance and direct him where to bring the surgeon."

The janitor departed. A little more brandy livened the money-lender up a bit, and he was able to tell what happened to him. Bogan, he said, came into the room on the previous afternoon, some time before he was expected to report for work in the building. He told a hard-luck story and wanted the loan of \$10. As he had no security to offer, Abbott refused to consider his request. He turned as if to go away, but suddenly hit the old man a heavy blow on the head, knocking him unconscious. When he recovered his senses, a long time afterward, he found himself in the position his rescuers had discovered him, his safe door wide open, and the safe rifled of its valuable contents.

"How much money did you have in your safe?" asked Jimmy.

"About \$800 in bills and a bag of gold coin containing about \$8,600 in \$20 pieces," replied Abbott; "so my loss is close on to \$10,000."

"Your loss, I guess, is less than \$1,000, for the thief failed to get away with the bag of gold," said the boy.

"But the bag is missing from the safe."

"I know it is. The rascal must have placed it on the window-sill while he was rummaging the safe for more money. The window was raised a bit and in some way it fell out. At any rate, it dropped to the sidewalk and I've got it."

"You have?" cried the surprised old man.

"Yes," answered Jimmy.

"Your story was true, after all," said the superintendent. "I owe you an apology for doubting you, but it certainly was the most remarkable——"

"All right," said Jimmy, "we'll let it go at that."

At that moment one of the assistant janitors appeared with the ambulance surgeon. He examined the old man, said he was weak for want of food, gave him a bracer which he said would be more effective than brandy, told him to go home at once and confine himself to liquid nourishment in the shape of broth and extract of beef for twenty-four hours, when he ought to feel pretty well again. As soon as the surgeon took his departure, Abbott returned to the subject of the bag of gold in which he naturally was much interested, and Jimmy explained the odd way in which it had come into his possession.

"I rented a safe-deposit box and put it into it for safekeeping," he said. "I dare say you'll have no objection to paying the charge, in consideration of getting your money back."

The money-lender thanked him for taking charge of his property, assured him that he would not only pay the rent of the box but reward the boy as well. In the meantime the janitor returned and reported that Bogan had not turned up for work that afternoon. The superintendent, satisfied of the man's guilt, immediately communicated with the police over the telephone. He furnished the rascal's description and asked the authorities to hunt him up. Jimmy asked Abbott if he should get him a cab to take him home.

"Do so," said the money-lender, "and I should be glad if you'd come with me if you can do so."

Jimmy said he would do so, as he had nothing particular on hand. In fact, it was nearly five now, anyway, and Wall Street was getting ready to close up for the day. While Jimmy was away, the superintendent picked up all the old man's papers and returned them to the safe, which he closed and locked the combination. He also shut the desk, locked it, and handed Abbott the key.

Jimmy helped the old man to the elevator, supported him in the cage, and saw him to the cab and got in after him. The money-lender had a sinking spell in the vehicle, but Jimmy gave him another dose of the medicine and braced him up.

"What you need is something to eat right away, Mr. Abbott," he said. "I think we had better stop at a restaurant and get some broth or soup without vegetables. That will fix you up till you get home."

The old man fell in with the suggestion, so Jimmy called a halt at the first restaurant they came to on upper Broadway. Telling the driver to wait, he assisted the money-lender to one of the tables and ordered what he knew Abbott needed. The old man felt better after this refreshment, and experienced no further trouble during the rest of the trip uptown to his home on Madison avenue. Jimmy entered the house with him and made the acquaintance of Mrs. Abbott, to whom he told the story of her husband's strenuous experience.

Mrs. Abbott had not been worried over her husband's absence the night before, as he had told her when he left home that he expected to go to Philadelphia on business, which would detain him there overnight. It was therefore a great shock

to her to see him come home in such a weak condition and to learn what he had been through. Abbott was very grateful to Jimmy for being the cause of his rescue from his terrible position, and declared he could hardly have held out much longer. Jimmy remained some time at his house, then went home.

CHAPTER IV.—Rockaway Beach.

Next day at noon Jimmy entered the Barnum Building, took an elevator and went up to the thirteenth floor. The money-lender was in his office, having just arrived. He was glad to see Jimmy.

"Shall I get your bag of gold and fetch it up here?" said Jimmy.

"Yes," replied Abbott.

"Got another bag? The one that held the gold pieces was split open by the fall and it's no good in its present condition."

Abbott found a larger bag and handed it to him. Jimmy went to the safe-deposit box and got the gold. He left his own \$3,000 in bills in it, for he intended to utilize the box for his own use as the rent was paid for a year. When he got back to Abbott's office he told the money-lender to count it and see if the amount was right.

"Did you count it?"

"Yes, when I put it in the safe-deposit box."

"What was the amount?"

"Eight thousand six hundred and fifty-four dollars."

"That's right. Now, as an evidence of my appreciation of your services here is my check for \$500," said the old man.

"Can you afford to present me with so much as that?"

"Yes. If I gave you twice as much, I wouldn't offer you more than your honesty entitles you to. You might easily have kept all that gold and nobody would have been a bit the wiser."

Jimmy thanked the money-lender and shortly afterward took his leave. The police did not find Bogan, the assistant janitor, who had got away with \$800 of the money-lender's cash. Not being a professional crook, or an associate of crooks, he did not seek shelter where the detectives might have nabbed him. His wife asserted that after coming home and getting his supper as usual on the day the crime was committed he went out again, as he nearly always did, and she supposed that the corner saloon was his destination. That was the last she had seen of him since.

The detective visited the saloon in question and learned that Bogan had called there, taken a couple of drinks, and went away. He had not confided his intentions to any of his cronies, at least none of them would admit that he had. They appeared surprised to learn that the man was wanted by the police for assault and robbery at the building where he worked. Jimmy met Billy on Saturday when he got off work at half-past twelve and they went to lunch together.

"What have you got on for the afternoon, Jimmy?" asked Billy.

"Nothing."

"I've got to go to Rockaway Beach with a package for my uncle, Cap'n Snow, who keeps a small hotel there. Want to go along?"

"What's doing down there at this time of the year?" asked Jimmy.

"Nothing much. I believe a man is putting up some buildings for the coming season. I suppose he intends to rent them out, or run some kind of amusement or catering enterprise himself."

"How are you going to get there? I don't believe the railroad is running yet."

"Oh, we'll get there, don't you worry," said Billy confidently.

"All right, I'm on."

The matter being settled between them, they walked up to the Brooklyn Bridge and got aboard a King's County elevated train, on which they rode as far as East New York. Here they waited till a train for Canarsie Landing, on Jamaica Bay, came along, and in a short time they reached that place. Billy hunted up a man who owned a good-sized naphtha launch and arranged with him to take them to Rockaway Beach. In due time they landed at the beach and the owner of the launch accompanied them to Captain Snow's Hotel. The captain welcomed Billy effusively, and he was glad to make Jimmy's acquaintance, and invited the launch owner to take a drink. Billy delivered the package and the message from his mother, and then remarked that he guessed he and Jimmy would look around a bit.

"Take your time," said the owner of the launch. "The cap'n and me'll amuse ourselves till you get back."

So the boys started off to see what they could see.

CHAPTER V.—Occupant of the Vacant House.

It was well along in the spring of the year, and Rockaway Beach was shaking off its wintry lethargy and preparing, in spots, for the summer season. Being essentially a summer resort, there isn't a whole lot doing there during the cold weather. They walked some distance and then sat on the low porch of a vacant house to rest themselves.

"The police haven't nabbed that janitor yet, have they?" said Billy.

"Not that I've heard of," returned Jimmy. "He must have left the city."

"What good will that \$800 do him? He'll blow it in somewhere, having what he calls a good time, and then he'll have to go to work again, with the fear of discovery and arrest always before him. I wonder what his wife and kids will do now?"

"They'll suffer, as a matter of course. They always come in for the short end when a man of his stamp goes wrong."

"If somebody took this house, had it painted and furnished it up, I guess they could make money taking summer boarders," said Billy. "One of the side windows is open. Let's go in and inspect it."

"Are you thinking of going into the business?" chuckled Jimmy.

"Me? Huh! Come on," and Billy got up.

"Try the door and see if it's locked. I don't fancy entering a house through a window. It's inconvenient and undignified."

"It's open," said Billy, turning the knob.

"If I owned a vacant house, I wouldn't care to leave it open to anybody that came along."

"There's so many empty houses after the season is closed, and so few people around that I guess it doesn't make much difference whether they're locked up or not."

The boys passed through the hall to the back, glancing into the rooms on either side, and noting that they contained nothing but dust. When they entered the kitchen, however, they found signs of recent occupancy by some person who had made free with the stove to cook food, and had used a couple of boxes for a chair and table. The largest box was spread with a New York daily three days old. It was littered with the crumbs of a cheap repast. Lying on the floor was an envelope. Jimmy picked it up and looked at the superscription. He uttered an exclamation, for the name read was Dennis Bogan.

"What's the matter?" asked Billy.

"I have a strong suspicion of the identity of the free lodger," said Jimmy.

"From that envelope?"

"Yes. It bears the name and address of Bogan, the crooked janitor."

"The dickens it does! Let me see."

Jimmy showed it to him.

"I'll bet he's the chap who is hiding here," said Billy.

"That's what I think."

"Would you recognize him if you saw him?"

"No. I never saw the man in my life."

"I wonder if there's any way we can make sure this fellow is Bogan?"

"I think that envelope is pretty good evidence. How could it get here if Bogan didn't bring it himself?"

"That's right. When we get back to the city you'd better notify the police of your discovery."

Jimmy picked up the grip.

"I wonder if the \$800, or most of it, is in this?" he said.

"He wouldn't be likely to leave so much money here when he was away from the house. Eight hundred dollars, in large bills, doesn't take up much room in one's pocket. Take my word for it, he has the money with him."

The grip was locked, anyway, so Jimmy put it down. One of the brass knobs under the end of the grip displaced a loose board and left one end sticking out. Jimmy saw what had happened, and judging that Bogan, if the man was he, would notice it, and suspect that somebody had been there while he was away, he stooped to replace it. He found he had to take the board out altogether to fit it back.

This he did, and glanced into the hole as he was about to put the board back in its place. His sharp eyes noticed that there was something in the cavity. He struck a match and saw a pile of bills.

"Say, Billy, look here!" he cried, holding the match.

Billy looked and saw the money.

"A dollar to a doughnut that's the \$800. Take it out and count it," he said.

Jimmy lifted the money out of its hiding place and they went to the window, where he counted it. There was \$745 in the pile.

"He couldn't have spent \$55," said Jimmy.

"He might have given his wife some, and has the balance, less what he's spent, in his clothes."

"If I were sure this chap is Bogan I'd carry

this money to Mr. Abbott and tell him the circumstances of the case."

"That envelope proves he is Bogan."

"Not absolutely; but it's strong circumstantial evidence."

"You keep the money till we get back to my uncle's. Then we'll tell him our story and ask him what his opinion is."

"That's a good idea. I'll do it," said Jimmy, putting the bills in his pocket.

Then he went back to the closet and replaced the board. Shutting the door, they concluded they had seen all they wanted to of the house, and started for the front door. They had almost reached it when they heard heavy steps on the porch. The same thought struck both—that the occupant of the house had returned. Jimmy grabbed Billy, pulled him into one of the rooms and shut the door. Hardly had they got out of sight when the front door opened and a burly man, with an unshaven and unkempt appearance, walked in with several small packages in his hands. Jimmy took a sight at him through a crack in the door. His opinion was that a run-in with that individual would not be healthy for Billy and himself.

"There'll be something doing when he finds his money gone," he thought. "That is Bogan, for he answers his description given to the police by the superintendent of the building."

He whispered his convictions to Billy. The man passed on into the kitchen. They opened the door and heard him moving around in there.

"Now's our time to slip away," said Billy.

They tiptoed their way to the front door. They couldn't help making some noise, for the bare boards creaked under their tread. The man heard the suspicious sounds and coming to the door looked into the hall. He saw them just as they reached the door.

"Here, what are you kids doing in here?" he roared, rushing at them.

Jimmy pulled the door open and sprang outside, with Billy at his heels, and both started on a dead run back the way they had come.

CHAPTER VI.—Jimmy Performs a Kind Act.

Looking over their shoulders, they saw the man standing on the porch looking after them. Seeing that he made no attempt to chase them, they stopped running.

"We were lucky to escape him," said Billy.

"I don't know that he'd have done anything to us, simply because he caught us in the house, but I'm just as well pleased that we avoided any argument on the subject."

"I should say so. He's as husky as a prize fighter. Just wait till he misses the money. He'll make Rome howl in that house."

"That won't do him any good. All I'm afraid of is that he'll skip before the police can get here."

"They'll soon catch him, for he can't go very far without money."

The boys soon reached Captain Snow's hotel. Taking the captain aside, they told him of their experience in the vacant house. As Captain Snow was ignorant about the affair in the Wall street office building, Jimmy told him the facts

of the case, and showing him the envelope, said he was sure that the man in the vacant house was Bogan.

"I was going to leave the money in your care, but I'm so sure of the fellow's identity now that I'm going to take it to the police. It is within \$55 of the sum the money-lender was robbed of, and that fact, together with the envelope and the general looks of the chap, make me sure that he is the man."

Captain Snow said he didn't want to take charge of the money, anyway, and agreed that the best thing for Jimmy to do was to take it to the police and let them establish its ownership. They followed the owner of the launch to the boat, returned to Canarsie Landing, and in due time got back to Manhattan. They went at once to Police Headquarters, where Jimmy told his story, and turned the bills over, taking a receipt for them. Then the boys went to their homes. Two detectives were sent to Rockaway Beach to capture Bogan. It was long after dark when they got there. They stopped in at Captain Snow's hotel and had a talk with the proprietor.

Then, reinforced by one of the captain's customers, they made their way to the particular vacant house described by the boys. They went in and found Bogan asleep in the kitchen. He was nabbed and handcuffed before he was able to put up much of a fight. They took him to Canarsie Landing and put him into the automobile that brought them out there. Along toward morning he was landed in the Tombs.

On Sunday afternoon Jimmy, as yet unaware of Bogan's capture, called at the home of Mr. Abbott and told the old man about his experience at Rockaway Beach with his friend Billy, and how certain he felt that the man occupying the vacant house was Bogan.

"At any rate, this chap had \$745, which I took possession of and turned over to the police in this city. As I was told that detectives would be sent to the beach at once to arrest the man if he proved to be the ex-janitor, I expect he is in jail by this time," said the boy.

Abbott had a telephone in his house, and he got into communication with Police Headquarters. He was told that Bogan was a prisoner in the Tombs, and would be brought before the magistrate in the morning. The police admitted that the arrest had been made through information furnished by Jimmy, and that \$745 of the sum stolen had been recovered through the boy.

"You have placed me under a fresh obligation to you, Watson," said the old man; "and I assure you I won't forget it."

"You're welcome," said Jimmy, and in a short time he left for home.

The story of the capture of Bogan was in the morning papers, and the help the two boys had rendered the police was duly set forth. Bogan was brought up for examination that morning and was held for the action of the grand jury. Jimmy was present in court, but took no part in the proceedings. He returned to Wall Street with the money-lender. The old man told him that if he bought O. & H. shares at the market, which was 92, he could safely hold them for a ten-point rise. Jimmy immediately bought 300 shares on the usual margin, which took most of his money. It was considerable of a risk, but he

had Abbott's assurance that he would see him through if the deal slipped a cog. During the week the price went up little by little, and Jimmy put in his time watching it at the little bank. When Saturday came around again O. & H. was up to 97. On the following Wednesday it began to boom. Jimmy held on till it reached 105 1-2, and then sold out. He cleaned up a profit of \$4,000. He called on Abbott and reported his success.

"I congratulate you," said the old man.

"How did you learn that the stock was going to boom?" asked Jimmy.

The old man smiled in a mysterious way, and said he found out many things through his business relations with the brokers.

"Well, if you get hold of another tip I hope you will let me in on it."

The old man promised that he would if Jimmy kept in touch with him. A few days afterward Jimmy noticed that L. & W. was going up, and he bought 500 shares of it at 150. It was a high-priced, gilt-edged stock and was much dealt in by conservative speculators. He held the shares three days and then sold out at a little over a two-point advance, adding another \$1,000 to his capital. Jimmy usually went home by the Sixth or Ninth avenue elevated, as he lived on the west side of Harlem, but sometimes he took the Third avenue to 116th street and walked across. On the day he closed out his L. & W. deal he went up on the Third avenue. When he got out at the station he walked up the avenue to a second-hand book store to see what the man had out on his stands that day. Above the store were three floors of moderate-priced tenements. The entrance to them was very unpretentious, just an ordinary door with a dark vestibule inside where the bells and speaking-tubes were. Jimmy noticed an express wagon standing in front of the entrance next to the book store. Two women came down the stairs and stood a moment at the door.

"I think it's a shame," said one of them. "She's paid all but \$5 of the money owing on the machine, and because she can't make the last payment to-day the man has sent around to take the machine away. If I could afford it I would lend her the money."

"Them sewing-machine agents are robbers," replied the other. "I know a case of a woman on——"

That's all Jimmy heard, but it put him wise to a piece of gross injustice that was being practiced on some unfortunate person who, for some cause, had got in arrears to the man she had bought a sewing-machine from. Jimmy looked up the dim stairway and saw a couple of men carrying a machine down the flight, and he heard a woman sobbing in the distance. He had read about such cases in the papers. According to the law, if only one instalment remained unpaid the seller was legally entitled to take the article away from the defaulting purchaser, for the title was vested in his name as long as a penny remained due on it. Many of these men made most of their money in that way, but it took a flinty heart to run business on that plan. Instances were numerous where articles of furniture as well as sewing machines bought on the instalment plan

were removed to the seller's store and resold by him after he had collected nine-tenths of the purchase price, leaving a comparatively trivial balance on which the purchaser had been unable to meet with the requisite promptness specified in the contract. This was the first time that Jimmy had encountered such a case, and it went against his grain. He stopped the men as they came to the door.

"How much is owing on that machine?" he asked.

"What's that to you, young feller? Stand out of the way."

"I'm a friend of that woman and I want an answer," said Jimmy, resolutely.

"Well, there's five plunks due on it if you want to know."

"Take it back upstairs and I'll pay you."

"No, we won't take it back for no five plunks."

"That's all that's owing on it, you said."

"That doesn't make any difference. The boss'll make morn'n \$5 by gettin' it back to his store."

"It isn't back there yet and I'm offering you the balance due on it. If you refuse I'll put the case in the hands of a lawyer."

"What do we care? It ain't nothin' to us."

"I'll give you half a dollar for yourselves if you take it back."

"Now you're talkin'. Show us the color of your money."

"Here's the \$5 and here's the half."

"Hand it over."

"There you are," said Jimmy, giving him the money.

"Back she goes, Bill," and, turning about, the men carried the machine up the stairs again and into a back room on the second floor, followed by Jimmy.

Two women were in the room. One was weeping bitterly while the other was doing her best to comfort her.

"You've changed your minds and brought it back," said the second woman, when the men re-entered the poorly furnished living-room with the machine.

"This here young gent paid the fiver and so we ain't got no more claim on it," said the man who was doing all the talking.

The woman looked at Jimmy and naturally took him for a friend or relative of the tenants, as she didn't look for such liberality from a stranger.

"You've come just in time, young man," she said, with an approving nod. "Five minutes more and the machine would have been on the way back to the cormorant's store, and it would have cost more than five dollars to have recovered it."

"I'm glad I was able to help the poor lady out," replied Jimmy.

"Come now, Mrs. Dean, dry your eyes, that's a dear. Your machine is back again," said the woman comforter.

The grief-stricken one looked up in some wonder and saw the machine through her tear-dimmed eyes. She uttered an exclamation.

"Hold on," said Jimmy to the men, as they were taking their departure. "Where is your contract, ma'am? These men must receipt it in full so that you will have no further trouble."

The woman had offered the men her last dol-

lar, with a promise of paying the other four soon, but they had refused to accept anything short of the balance due. Jimmy picked it up and handed it to the chap he had paid the money to.

"Write down the amount underneath the others, and then 'Paid in full,' and put your boss' name to it and yours underneath," he said, in a business-like tone.

The man did so, and then he and his companion went away to get a couple of drinks at the corner saloon out of the half-dollar tip.

"There's your contract receipted in full, ma'am," said Jimmy. "I'm happy to have been able to render you a service."

CHAPTER VII.—Jimmy Does Well in the Market.

Mrs. Dean looked at Jimmy in some bewilderment. She could not quite understand the situation. The boy was a total stranger to her, and she could not make out why he should advance the money necessary to save her machine to her.

"It is a fine thing to have a friend or relative step in at the right moment to help one out of trouble," said the other woman, beamingly.

"I never saw this young man before," said Mrs. Dean. "It is very good of him to——"

"Never saw him before?" exclaimed the other woman in great astonishment.

"That's right," said Jimmy. "I was down at the book store when I saw the men taking the machine out, and heard some one crying up here. From what two men said, who came out ahead of them, I judged that the owner of the machine was in hard luck, and so I decided that it would give me \$5 worth of satisfaction to help her out. That's the whole story."

"May heaven bless you for your kindness," said Mrs. Dean, fervently. "I am indeed very fortunate just now, but I feel that with my machine I will be able to stem the tide until my niece is able to go to work again. She has been ill for nearly two months and our money is nearly exhausted. Without my machine to finish the work I am on I don't know what would happen to us. I never would be able to meet my rent on the first, and we would be put on the street."

"Well, you've got your machine now and as you have the receipt for it in full there is no danger of it being taken from you. You're welcome to the \$5, and I will wish you good-by."

"No, no!" cried Mrs. Dean. "You mustn't go away until you give me your name and address so that I can send you the money as soon as I am able to return it to you."

"Don't worry about returning it to me. I feel sufficiently repaid in helping you out of your predicament."

"You are a generous boy, but I cannot consent that you should be out \$5 through me, a stranger to you."

"That's all right. I have a perfect right to use my money in a respectable way. I've just made \$1,000 in Wall Street, and I feel like blowing some of it in in a good cause. I don't know that I could have used \$5 to better advantage than I have just done."

The other woman nodded approvingly, and being anxious to spread the news of such a remarkable happening, she took her leave. Seeing that Mrs. Dean's pride was opposed to accepting charity, even in her dire straits, Jimmy said she could give him her note for the \$5, payable any time within three months. She consented to that arrangement, so he wrote out a promissory note and she signed it. Then she asked him to wait until she went into an inner room. She presently returned, saying that her niece wanted to thank him, too. Jimmy went in and saw a girl of seventeen, of unusual beauty, lying dressed on the bed. She was too weak to be about, and was convalescing from her late illness. She held out her hand to the boy and thanked him in a low, gentle voice. Jimmy told his name, and said that he was a Wall Street speculator. He learned that the girl's name was Virginia Price, and that she was a stenographer. She had been employed in a Broadway importing house, and feared that she had lost her position through her sickness.

"If you have I'll try and get you another in Wall Street," said Jimmy, who began to feel a considerable interest in the girl.

"That is very kind of you," she said, with a little smile.

"Don't mention it. A fellow ought to do all the good he can in this world."

The girl smiled gratefully at him, as did her aunt likewise. Jimmy told them he was living with his married sister, and gave his address.

"I'll drop in and see how you are getting on in about a week," he said, "and then maybe you will know positively whether you have lost your position or not. If you have, I'll look around and see what I can do for you."

With that he said good-by and took his leave of them.

"He's a splendid young man, aunty," said the girl.

"And a good Samaritan, if there ever was one. Now that I don't have to worry about the \$5 I owe on the machine I can finish Mrs. Brown's dress with a good heart, and take it around to her in the morning, when I will be paid for it."

In the meantime Jimmy went downstairs, looked over some of the second-hand books, purchased one and went home, feeling exceedingly good over having blocked the sewing-machine cormorant, and thinking not a little of Virginia Price, whose money had made a great impression on him. On the following morning the indications in the papers of an expected rise in M. & N. led Jimmy to buy 500 shares at the market price of 85. Nothing happened of any moment in the stock till Friday, and then it jumped up two points. He dashed in to see the money-lender that afternoon and told him of the latest deal he had gone into.

"I have heard that it will go up about ten points," said Abbott. "A combine of operators are manipulating it."

"Then you would advise me to hold out for 95?" said Jimmy.

"I think you can safely do that, but you must use your own judgment about it. I am telling you what I have heard. I've got no positive information on the subject."

Next morning there was some excitement in

the board-room when M. & N. jumped three points more. It sagged back a point, however, and closed at noon at 89. On Monday and the days following Jimmy asked a number of brokers if they knew of any one needing a first-class stenographer, but they did not. He kept on the job, however, when not watching his stock, and hoped to get a line on something that would suit Miss Price. Tuesday M. & N. closed at 95, then Jimmy began to watch the market still closer, for he judged that the limit of the rise had nearly been reached. He was wrong, for next day the price went kiting to 101, amid great excitement.

"That's good enough for me," thought the boy. "I'll let the other fellows lose their heads over it. I'm going to sell out," and he did.

He made \$8,000 out of the deal, and he guessed that his kindness to Mrs. Dean had brought him good luck. At any rate, his capital was doubled, and when the little bank settled with him he had something over \$16,000 in his safe-deposit box.

CHAPTER VIII.—The Inquisitive Man.

He devoted several days almost wholly to hunting up a position for Miss Price, but found the job more difficult than he had counted on. He told her so when he next visited her, but asked her not to be discouraged.

"I've been thinking that it might not be a bad idea for me to rent an office where I can have my headquarters," he said. "If I decide to do so how would you like to come there and take in outside work and be your own boss?"

"I should like that if I could make it pay, but I have no money with which to rent a machine to do the work on."

"Don't you worry about that. I'll furnish you with the machine and whatever else you need. All you'll have to do will be to canvass around for the work. I'll put an advertisement in the Wall Street papers for you, and do all I can to get you a start. Some of the public stenographers who employ many girls and are making good money, started in on a modest basis and worked up a trade. Once you get on your feet you will be all right, and I am financially able to back you up."

Miss Price was pleased with the idea, and they talked it over till he got ready to go.

"I'll let you know what I decide upon doing in a few days. If I can find a suitable office the chances are I'll rent it and then you'll hear from me."

With that he said good-by. Next day he called on Abbott and told him about Miss Price, and that he had an idea of renting an office to use for his headquarters, and also to give her a chance to do outside typewriting.

"If you think it will pay you, the idea is all right," said the old man. "There is a room on the four floor of this building you can get. I don't know what the rent of it is, but the superintendent will tell you."

On his way out Jimmy called on the superintendent and asked him the rent of the room. He thought he could stand it and said he'd like to see it. The janitor was summoned and took him up. After an inspection, he hired the room and

paid the first month's rent. Then he went off to get furniture and other fittings. Everything was in shape when he brought a painter to put his name on the door.

"Any business?" asked the man.

"You can put 'stocks and bonds,'" said Jimmy. "And at the bottom in small letters, put 'Miss Price, public stenographer.'"

On his way home that afternoon he stopped at Mrs. Dean's and told Miss Price that he had taken an office, fitted it up, and she could come down next day and look at it.

"It's Room 425, on the fourth floor. I've put your name on the glass as a public stenographer. I'll rent a typewriter for you to-morrow. I've already ordered some business cards for you and placed an advertisement in two of the papers," he said.

"You're awfully good," she said. "I really don't know how to thank you."

"I'll consider myself thanked," he laughed. "You'll be down to-morrow, say at noon. I mention the time, as I shall probably not be in till that hour. If I'm not on time, wait for me."

She promised to be on hand, and after he had gone away she was in quite a flutter over her new prospects. At ten next morning Jimmy was at the little bank.

"Say," said a habitue to him. "I've noticed you here pretty often and you stay here some time. Are you out of a job?"

"I'm not working for anybody, and don't expect to work for anybody," said Jimmy.

"Expect to make a living bucking the market?"

"That's what I'm doing at present."

"How are you making out?"

"I haven't any kick coming."

"I haven't made a cent in two weeks."

"I've done better than that."

"Do you live at home?"

"I live with my married sister."

"Folks dead, eh?"

"My mother is, but my father is up the State on a farm."

"Is that his business?"

"No, he hasn't any business now."

"What was his business?"

"He was a stock broker."

"Is that so?" said the inquisitive stranger, in some surprise. "He's retired, then?"

"Yes, he's retired."

"What's your name?"

"Jimmy Watson."

"Expect to be a broker some day yourself?"

"Possibly. I see N. & G. is advancing. I guess I'll buy a few hundred shares and try my luck."

"A few hundred! You must have money to risk."

"Sure I have."

"How much have you?"

"A million, more or less."

"I think I'll get in on N. & G. myself. Are you going over to the window?"

Jimmy was, and they proceeded there together.

"Buy for my account 1,000 shares of N. & G.," said Jimmy in a business tone.

The inquisitive man gasped. His eyes fairly bulged when he saw Jimmy count out ten \$1,000 bills and shove them in at the margin clerk.

"You're a high-stepper, young fellow," he said, as he put in his own order for fifty shares of the stock, which was ruling at 72.

When noon approached N. & G. was up two points.

"I stand to win \$2,000," he said. "Well, as I believe a bird in the hand is worth two or more in the bush I'm going to cash in."

"Are you going to sell now?"

"That's what I am."

"It's likely to go up four or five points to-day."

"I'm satisfied to leave some money for the other fellows. So long!"

Jimmy put in his selling order and hurried over to his office to meet Miss Price.

She was waiting outside his door.

"Have I kept you waiting long?" he said.

"Oh, no; I've only just come," she replied, with a smile.

He opened the door and they walked inside.

"There's a man on the sixth floor who will give you some work. I've spoken to him about you. That will be a starter for you. I'll take you up and introduce you to him presently."

He showed her the table he had provided for her. The brand of machine she was accustomed to stood on it. They talked a while together and then Jimmy invited her to lunch with him. When they left the office he took her up to the office of the gentleman on the sixth floor. He arranged with her to take dictation every day, and type-write the work in Jimmy's office. She was to start in with him next morning. Then they went to a restaurant on Broadway. On their way back they called at a Broad street stationer's and got Miss Price's cards, also the printing Jimmy had ordered for himself.

"I haven't done badly to-day," he said, when they were on the street again. "I made \$2,000 this morning."

"Is it possible!" she exclaimed, in surprise.

"Yes, I noticed that a certain stock was active, and I bought 1,000 shares of it. It went up two points in two hours and I sold out. I rather doubt it going much higher or I'd have held on."

When Miss Price went home Jimmy returned to the little bank and found that N. & G. had slumped a point and a half. The inquisitive man had held on an missed nearly all his profit. He was accustomed to hard luck and took it philosophically. With all his experience he didn't know how to speculate to advantage. Jimmy bought 1,000 shares of Pittsburg Coal preferred at 78, and just before the Exchange closed he sold at 78 3/4, clearing about \$600.

"That's the way I do business," he said to the inquisitive man. "Quick sales and small profits. Now maybe you can guess how I came to get hold of the \$10,000."

"Then that money was really yours?" said the man.

"It wasn't anybody else's, I can assure you," said the boy, who then walked off and returned to his office.

CHAPTER IX.—Jimmy Refuses to Buy a Gold Brick.

In addition to putting a small standing advertisement in two Wall Street papers for Miss

Price, Jimmy put a large advertisement in for himself. He thought he might as well put up a bluff as a broker while he was about it. He might catch a few lambs and perhaps in time work up a business. At any rate, he had nothing to lose but the cost of the advertisement. Miss Price appeared next morning ready for work, and when she got back from taking her first dictation Jimmy left the office in her charge and handed her a duplicate key. He spent an hour at the little bank without doing any business, and then went to lunch. This time he went into the Empire Cafe, which was much patronized by brokers. He thought he might pick up some information about the market there. As he took his seat at a table he saw a card on the floor and picked it up. There was writing on the back of it. Jimmy read the following:

"NATHAN MYERS:

"Go ahead and buy D. & G. till I tell you to stop

"Yours, W. L. JORDAN."

Jimmy knew that Jordan was a fairly big operator, and he wondered how a man of Myers' general standing had succeeded in getting him for a customer. However, that was nothing to him. Here was a tip that bore that day's date, and the boy determined to avail himself of it. After he had eaten his lunch he called on Abbott and showing him the writing on the card asked him what he thought of it. The money lender knew Jordan by reputation and he told Jimmy that the order appeared to be all right.

"I've got it on Myers," chuckled the boy. "That's his order, and he is probably in a sweat over it. I could give him a black eye, so to speak, by sending it to Jordan with an explanation, but that would probably change Jordan's plans and stop me making a good thing out of it."

He went right around to the little bank and bought 1,500 shares of D. & G. at the market price of 90. Then seeing the inquisitive man looking at the blackboard he thought he would do him a good turn, so he called him over, showed him the tip and also his memorandum of his own purchase of the stock and told him to get in on it. The man was only too glad to do so, and he bought 100 shares.

"Now don't hold on to it too long," said Jimmy. "That's your great mistake. You better follow my lead. When I think it's time to sell I'll tell you and then you'll make a stake if things go the right way with me."

The inquisitive man, whose name was Whitehouse, was willing to bank on Jimmy's luck and he did not say a word about the tip to anybody in the place. After remaining at the little bank till nearly three, the boy returned to his office and found that Miss Price was out canvassing for work. She came in at half past three with a batch of material she had to copy off on her machine, and she was busy at it when a visitor walked in and introduced himself as Henry White. White had a batch of mining shares he wanted to sell. Jimmy looked at the certificates. The name of the mine was the Orion, a good one in the Goldfield district, worth \$3 a share. White said he was in a hurry to realize on the stock, as

he had immediate need for the money, and if the boy would buy all or a part of them offhand he would let them go for \$2.75. Jimmy saw that the name of the mine had been printed in the certificate, while the number of shares, 100 in each case, had been typewritten in. There were twenty certificates altogether. The signatures of the officers of the company at the bottom looked suspiciously like the work of one person, though written differently. The president's was in backhand, the secretary's written with schoolboy carelessness, while the treasurer's was, in some cases, undistinguishable as a name, being a rapid scrawl. Altogether the boy didn't like the look of the certificates, and had an idea they were not genuine ones. They looked like the stock article carried in blank by stationery houses in the financial district for the accommodation of companies that did not want to go to the expense of getting up their own certificates. The Orion Mining Company was not that kind of a company. The shares were all made out in the name of the visitor, Henry White.

"Where did you buy these, Mr. White asked Jimmy.

"In Goldfield, about six months ago."

Jimmy had strong doubts on the subject, so he looked up his list of stock transfer offices and found that the Curb firm of Platt & Co. acted in that capacity for the Orion Company. He pulled the telephone book down to hunt up the firm's telephone number. When White noticed his action he got up and said he was in a hurry, and that if the boy wouldn't buy his stock right away he must go elsewhere.

"Very well," said Jimmy, handing him back the certificates. "I don't care to buy them myself. I buy and sell stock purely on a commission basis."

White said he must sell them right away and, putting the certificates in his pocket, left the office. As soon as he was gone the boy called up Platt & Co. and asked if Henry White was a stockholder of record in the Orion Gold and Silver Mining Company.

"Are you a broker?" came back the reply.

"Yes, a new one."

"What's your name?"

Jimmy told him.

"We don't know you. Has a man been offering you some Orion stock with the name of the company printed in in type?"

"Yes. I suspected they were not genuine, and I wouldn't handle them."

"You did right. They are forgeries. He's been trying to work them off on several parties, but you're the first broker he has approached. Where is your office?"

"Barnum Building, Room 425."

"When did the party call on you?"

"He's just left the office."

"It's a pity you couldn't have detained him. We would like to get hold of him. He's a short, sandy-featured fellow, isn't he, with a red mustache?"

"Yes."

"Much obliged for calling our attention to him. It's two weeks since we heard about him before. We'll get him in time. Good-by."

Jimmy hung up the receiver and took up

Wall Street daily. About four o'clock that day Jimmy went up on Nassau street to employ a stencil maker to get up a plate with his sister's name. The man had a small room at the back of the third floor of a narrow four-story brick building. The landings of the floors were narrow and dark, for it was an old building. When Jimmy reached the stencil maker's shop he found it locked and the door bore a sign, "Will be back in fifteen minutes."

The boy decided to wait for him to show up, which he was liable to do at any moment since it was possible he had already been out fifteen minutes. In fact, he heard a man coming up the stairs just then. The man reached the landing and came that way. He did not see the boy because Jimmy was standing in an ell of the landing.

A minute later Jimmy caught an indistinct view of his face and person and was almost sure this party was Whitehouse, the inquisitive man. The boy was going to step forward and address him when a door opened and a short man came out.

"Hello, Whitehouse! I didn't think you were coming," he said.

"It isn't half-past four yet," said Whitehouse. "Well, how did you make out with young Watson?"

Jimmy pricked up his ears, for it struck him the short man was his afternoon visitor who introduced himself as Henry White.

"Didn't make out at all," replied the other. "He's no easy mark. He looked the certificates over carefully, and I guess he suspected they were not genuine for he started to telephone somebody about them. I thought it was time to get out then."

"That's too bad. I thought you could work some of them off on him. He hasn't any experience as a broker, that's why I put you on to him."

Steps coming up the stairs interrupted them.

"Come on, let's go," said the man that Jimmy knew as White. "I've got to meet a man at the Concordia Billiard Rooms at half-past five."

They started downstairs and the man coming up proved to be the stencil maker. Jimmy left the order for the plate with him and he promised to have it ready on the following afternoon. When the boy left, Jimmy hurried back to Wall street and made his way to the office of Platt & Co.

"I'm the party who called you up this afternoon about Henry White and the Orion certificates, which you told me were forgeries."

"The bosses have gone home, but the clerk who answered the phone is in the counting room. I'll send him out to you," said the clerk who spoke to him.

In a minute another employee appeared.

"Have you something further to say about that swindler?" he asked.

"Yes. I've learned that he will be at the Concordia Billiard Rooms at five-thirty. It is now half-past four. If you are anxious to catch him you have the chance if you act lively," said Jimmy.

"How did you pick up the information?"

"I ran against him in a Nassau street building, talking to a man I know. I overheard him mention the date."

"You might have called an officer and had him arrested then."

"No, I couldn't do any such thing. Anyway, it's your business, not mine."

"Very well, we'll attend to it. Much obliged to you."

A paragraph in the next morning's paper that Jimmy bought announced the arrest in the Concordia Billiard Rooms of William Pickney, alias Henry White, a confidence man, on the charge of trying to sell fraudulent certificates of the Orion Gold & Silver Mining Co., of Goldfield.

"So they've got him?" thought Jimmy. "I suppose I will be called as a witness against him. I don't see where the profit comes in doing crooked work. Seems to me it's a losing game."

A subpoena was served on Jimmy that morning as he was starting for the little bank, commanding his presence at the Tombs Police Court at eleven o'clock. He obeyed it, and when Pickney was brought to the bar he was called upon to identify the prisoner as Henry White, and tell the object of White's visit to his office. The certificates, which were found on Pickney, were shown to the boy, and he recognized them as the ones White had asked him to purchase at a slight discount from the market price of genuine Orion mining stock. The case was continued by the magistrate to enable Platt & Co. to hunt up other witnesses who had been approached as Jimmy had been.

When Jimmy went to the little bank that day he gave Whitehouse a wide berth. The boy wanted nothing more to do with him after what he had learned of his duplicity. In the course of ten days D. & O. went to 105, and Jimmy sold out at a profit of \$22,000, which was by far the biggest coup he had yet made. His boast that he was bound to get the cash seemed to be realized with satisfactory regularity.

CHAPTER X.—Billy's Winning Tip

"Well, Jimmy, how are things?" asked Billy Dutton, walking into his office one afternoon when he was through for the day.

"Coming my way," replied Jimmy cheerfully.

"How's your friend, Miss Price, getting on?"

"She's doing nicely, though she could handle more work. She's just gone home after finishing up."

"I haven't heard you say anything about Nathan Myers lately."

"I haven't forgotten him."

"You still expect to get his scalp, eh?"

"I hope so."

"I hope I'll be around when the fireworks come off," grinned Billy.

"I'll have some tickets printed for the show and you may look for a reserved seat. When are you going to be promoted at your shop?"

"Pleased if I know. But I've brought you a tip, Jimmy."

"If it's a good one you're as welcome as the flowers in May."

"I want a rake-off."

"A rake-off?"

"Yes—out of your profits."

"It's a good plan to wait till your chickens are hatched before you think of counting them."

"This tip is a sure winner."

"How do you know it is?"

"I know it. The name of the stock is the M. & P., and the Reynolds Syndicate have got brokers out buying it up to work a corner and boom the price."

"That's all very fine, but you don't expect me to take hold of it on your say-so. Let me hear how you got hold of this tip," said Jimmy.

Billy proceeded to explain that while he was at the office of a certain big broker he had heard the operations of the syndicate discussed by the broker and two members of the syndicate. Jimmy questioned him closely and finally came to the conclusion that the tip was the real thing.

"I'll buy 2,000 shares to-morrow, Billy, and if I make a profit I'll give you five per cent. of it," he said.

"All right, old man. That's satisfactory to me. You ought to make \$25,000 on that, and I'll collar \$1,200, which will be as much as three years' wages for me all in a lump. There'll be something doing if I connect with that amount of money."

Next morning Jimmy left his order with the little bank. It took the bank three days to find the shares to fill Jimmy's order, because the syndicate brokers had been very active in their hunt for the stock. The scarceness of the stock was soon noticed at the Exchange, and many of the traders suspecting what was in the wind, began bidding for it, with the consequence that it went up five points. On the following day it went still higher.

Jimmy remained in his office and watched the tape of his ticker for information. He followed this plan till M. & P. got up to 85, when he went to the little bank to keep in closer touch with it and be able to act in a hurry if need be. The rise brought a lot of lambs down to Wall Street, and made lively times in the various offices they frequented. It was the coin of the lambs that the syndicate was after. They fed the stock out and kept the price going upward. At the end of another week it was up to 90. A few prudent lambs sold out and retired with money in their clothes, but the majority imitated the moth and the flame and held on for higher profit.

The later comers went in at the higher prices—a proceeding that Jimmy could never get through his head, for his principle was to buy low and sell as high as he thought prudent to hold out for. In this case his original expectation was to sell out on a ten-point rise, but as the prospects of the boom looked so good, he held on till it got to 91.

Then he left his selling order at the little bank. He made a profit of \$32,000, and Billy's rake-off was \$1,600, which greatly exceeded his expectations. Although the syndicate was pretty well out of it by that time the price kept up because no raid was made against it by interests powerful enough to cause a slump, and the lambs looked at it as if it was going to stay up forever. It began to look so topheavy that Jimmy, after a consultation with Abbott, sold 1,000 shares short. Hardly had he made the new deal when it began falling.

The lambs took alarm and rushed selling orders in to their brokers. So many sellers couldn't find buyers, and the price tumbled quicker. After

falling easily from 93 to 90, it slumped rapidly to 85, halted for half an hour and dropped to 82, cleaning out a lot of cheap speculators. As it was necessary for Jimmy to buy in 1,000 shares in order to deliver them according to the game, he left his order with the little bank, and the bank's representative got the shares for about \$81 and he made another \$12,000. When the bank settled with him he surprised Billy by handing him \$600 more.

"What's that for?" asked his friend.

"Your rake-off on a short sale I made on M. & P."

"I'll take it, for I never turn money down, but I didn't expect any further bonus out of my tip."

"You're entitled to it on general principles, for the short sale was a sort of offshoot to the original deal, and I consider it the right thing that you should participate in it."

Five minutes later the two boys were walking up Wall Street.

CHAPTER XI.—Jimmy Reaches the \$100,000 Mark.

Jimmy's advertisement had panned out a bunch of out-of-town correspondents, on whom he had expected several dollars' worth of postage stamps and printed matter, not to speak of Miss Price's time in taking dictation from him, which last, however, cost him nothing. Yet he hadn't secured a single customer. He was beginning to think that his advertising matter was an expensive failure when out of six letters he got one morning he found his first order. A man named Israel Putnam, of Redville, up the State, inclosed a draft for a thousand dollars, and an order for Broker Watson to purchase 100 shares of D. & S. on margin for his account. The order was a surprise to Jimmy, but he congratulated himself on getting his first customer.

"Now that the ball is started with Mr. Putnam maybe I'll get other customers," he said to himself. "I must arrange with some broker to put Mr. Putnam's order through for me on a part commission basis. I wonder who I'll call on?"

There were several brokers on his floor, so he went in to see the nearest one to his office.

"So you're a broker?" said Mr. Baxter, looking at Jimmy's card, and then somewhat whimsically at him.

"Well, I'm trying to be one," replied the boy. "I suppose everybody has got to make a start. He can't expect to be a full-fledged business man all at once."

"Well, what can I do for you, my young neighbor?" said the trader.

Jimmy explained.

"You want me to divide the commission on this order, then?"

"Yes, sir, and on any others I hand you. I think I ought to make something out of my own trade."

"Surely you ought otherwise you couldn't pay your expenses. Very well, I will allow you half of the commission on this and any other order you favor me with."

"Will you do the same on an order of my own?"

"You are doing some speculating yourself?"

"Yes, sir; whenever I see a good chance. That is what has kept me going since I started up."

"Where did you place your other orders?"

"With a certain little bank on Nassau street."

The broker frowned. The little bank on Nassau street was not in favor with the brokerage fraternity. It was too much like a bucketshop in their eyes. That is, any one could buy as low as five shares on margin of any stock on the list, which was a great temptation to messenger boys, clerks on small wages and cheap speculators to patronize the place. It is true that the little bank conducted the business on a square basis, which, it is a notorious fact, bucketshops do not do, employing a regular member of the Exchange to look after its large business, but that didn't excuse its existence in the opinion of the traders.

"Well," said Broker Baxter, "if you stop giving your custom to the little bank, and buy at least 100 shares of a stock at a time, I will charge you one-half of the commission."

"It's a bargain," said Jimmy. "I'll give you all my business."

"Of course, as I don't know this customer of yours I'll have to hold you responsible for the outcome of his deal. I mean that in case of a sudden slump in his stock, which wiped him out with a balance against him, I will look to you for that balance."

"That's fair," admitted the boy.

"By the way, can you give me some reference in the Street?"

"I can refer you to Mr. Moses Abbott, on the thirteenth floor of this building."

"Very well. I know him."

Broker Baxter borrowed money regularly from Abbott, hypothecating stocks and bonds with him as security. Having transacted his business, Jimmy returned to his office, dictated a letter to Mr. Putnam as soon as Miss Price came back from taking dictation of the man on the sixth floor, acknowledging the receipt of his order and inclosed draft, and telling him that the order would be executed at once. Jimmy posted the letter as soon as he went out. Before he got back he heard that C. & O. was getting active and he decided to try his luck with it. Accordingly, he went to his safe-deposit box, got out \$50,000 and stopped in at Baxter's office on his return.

"I've brought you an order from myself, Mr. Baxter," he said.

"I'll take it on the terms I mentioned," replied the trader.

"Buy me on margin 5,000 shares of C. & O. It's going at 69."

The broker stared at him.

"How many shares did you say?" he asked.

"Five thousand."

"Do you know you will have to put up \$50,000 on such an order?"

"Certainly. Here's the money. I'm not a cheap trader. I seldom buy under 1,000 shares at a time."

"Upon my word, you must have money," said the surprised man.

"I have enough to work the market in proper style," said Jimmy.

"Young man, you are something of a surprise to me," said Baxter, regarding Jimmy with considerable respect.

He also regarded him as a decided acquisition as a customer, for 5,000 orders were the exception rather than the rule in his office. He took it in with alacrity, giving the boy his memorandum. It would take \$300,000 in addition to the \$50,000 deposit to execute it, but he could raise it by hypothecating the stock with Abbott, or at his bank, if Abbott was not able to handle such a large demand at that moment.

"I like to surprise people once in a while," laughed Jimmy.

"It isn't often one meets with a boy with \$50,000 at his disposal."

"Especially when he's made it all himself."

"Do you mean to say you've made that amount of money?"

"Yes, sir, and more than that."

"Speculating?"

Jimmy nodded.

"You must have been born lucky."

"I hope so, for it's a great advantage to a fellow."

The broker nodded and the boy got up.

"Attend to that order right away, Mr. Baxter, for I have an idea it is likely to go higher any moment."

"I'll buy it for you at once," replied the trader, and Jimmy went on to his own office.

He sat in his office most of the day, watching both his own deal and Putnam's. As the latter was his first customer he took as much interest in his speculation as his own, and hoped Putnam would come out a good winner. A couple of days passed and both of the stocks advanced. Then he got a letter from Mr. Putnam telling him to use his judgment about selling his 100 shares, as he felt he was too far from New York to look after the matter himself. He said he had merely made the deal as an experiment, and he did not know that he would follow it up. Jimmy didn't like to have the matter put up to him, but at the same time it was better for the customer, so he determined to treat the deal as if it were his own. C. & O. was up five points on Saturday morning, and D. & S. four points, so Jimmy ordered them both sold. His own profit would foot up \$25,000, and that would raise his capital to the tenth part of a million.

"You certainly are lucky," said Broker Baxter. "You've made more money this week than I have."

"Wall Street had better look out for me. If I live long enough I may clean up all the money there is in the Street," laughed Jimmy.

Baxter laughed and remarked that would be going some. Jimmy sent a letter to Putnam, informing him that he had closed his deal at a profit of \$400 to him, and asked if he should send the \$1,400 to him or hold it subject to his order. He got a reply on Tuesday from his customer, telling him either to hold it or put it into some other good stock. That day he got another point from Abbott. The old man told him to buy Union Pacific, as there was likely to be an advance in its price. Jimmy bought 8,000 shares for himself and 140 shares for Putnam's account, at 100.

Next day, after meeting Billy, he bought 100 shares for him. A week later U. P. was up to 165 7-8. Abbott told him to sell and he closed out the three deals. He made \$52,000, Putnam's profit amounted to \$770, and Billy's \$550. He now had \$2,170 in his hands belonging to his customer. In response to his letter Putnam told him to send on the \$170 and hold the \$2,000, and Jimmy followed his instructions.

CHAPTER XII.—Jimmy Walks Into a Trap.

Jimmy had made such an astonishing record, in Baxter's estimation, that the trader told other brokers about the boy and his luck. None of them had ever heard of the young broker, and they were curious to make his acquaintance. Accordingly, Baxter one afternoon brought three of them to Jimmy's office and introduced them to him.

"Glad to know you, gentlemen," said Jimmy. "My office isn't very big, but I guess it is large enough to hold you all."

The brokers looked at Miss Price, who was busy with her outside work. They supposed it was Jimmy's work she was attending to and naturally they judged he was doing some business. Miss Price's good looks made more impression on them than the work she was turning out. She certainly had it on most of the other girls in Wall Street in that respect.

"We've heard considerable about you, Watson, from Baxter," said a broker by the name of Scott, "so we thought we'd like to know you."

"I appreciate the honor," said the boy broker.

Baxter says you're remarkably lucky in your stock speculations," said another trader, named Jones.

"I have done very well so far, but there's no telling when my luck may change."

"That's right," nodded Jones. "I've known some very lucky men to strike the toboggan when they least expected it, and with a swiftness that took away their breath."

"Don't try to discourage the boy," said Scott.

"I merely cited an example," said Jones. "It doesn't follow that the same thing will happen to him."

"Are you in on anything now?" asked the other visitor.

"No," replied Jimmy.

"He can afford to take a rest. He made \$50,000 on the late rise in U. P.," said Baxter.

"Anybody tip you off to that stock?" asked Scott.

"A friend told me to buy it, if you call that a tip," replied the boy.

"Looks that way, for your friend had inside knowledge, probably, that a rise was in prospect."

The brokers stayed about half an hour and then left, after inviting Jimmy to visit them at their offices. The postman came in with several letters, and one of them turned out to be another customer, who inclosed money and an order to Jimmy to buy him 1,000 shares of a certain mining stock which was selling for \$3.50 on the Curb market. Three of the letters asked for information about certain stocks, while the

fifth was post-marked in the city. This one came from a lawyer's office on Canal street. The lawyer, who signed himself Theodore Marks, said he would be pleased to have Jimmy call on him as soon as possible—after five in the afternoon—as he wanted to see about purchasing some good bonds with the surplus money of an estate he was in charge of.

"I saw your advertisement in the Wall Street Argus, and as I am too busy to call at your office, I ask you to call at mine," he wrote. "You had better telephone me when I may expect to see you."

Scenting his third customer, Jimmy took the receiver of his telephone off its hook and asked to be connected with Marks' telephone number. A voice presently said, "Hello!"

"Is this Lawyer Marks' office?" asked Jimmy.

"Yes."

"Is Mr. Marks at the office?"

"Who are you, please?"

"I am the stock broker Mr. Marks wrote to. I have just got his letter. I should like to talk with him."

"Wait a moment," said the voice, and Jimmy waited.

"Hello," said another voice, "I am Mr. Marks."

"My name is Watson. You wrote me that you wanted to see me about the purchase of some bonds."

"Yes. I want you to bring me a list of the best on the market. When can you call, I mean after five o'clock?"

"I can call this afternoon if it is agreeable to you."

"Do so. I'll wait for you."

"All right, sir. I'll be there."

Jimmy looked up a list of gilt-edged bonds and remained at his office till he thought it was time to take a train up to Canal street. It was half-past five by his watch when he reached the building that bore the lawyer's sign down at the street door. Mr. Marks' office was on the third floor of the four-story brick building. When Jimmy reached that landing he saw that the lawyer's rooms were at the rear. One of them was marked private, so he knocked at the other door and walked in. A young man was the only occupant of the room, and he was writing at a desk. He looked up on Jimmy's entrance.

"Is Mr. Marks in?" said the boy broker.

"Is your name Watson?" asked the clerk.

"Yes."

"Take a seat and I'll tell him you are here."

Jimmy sat down and in a few minutes the clerk came out.

"Walk inside," he said.

Jimmy did so and found himself in the presence of three men, seated at a table.

"Mr. Marks?" said the boy, interrogatively, looking at the men.

"That's my name," said one of them, with side whiskers. "Sit down in that chair. I asked you to call about some bonds I wanted to buy."

"I have brought a list," said Jimmy.

"Never mind the list. The bond matter was only a little bit of fiction to get you here."

"What do you mean?" said Jimmy, somewhat taken aback.

"I mean that I want to see you about a different matter."

"Why didn't you state it in your letter instead of speaking about the bonds?"

"Because I didn't think you would consider it of sufficient interest to visit my office."

"Now that I'm here what do you want to see me about?" said Jimmy, not particularly pleased with the turn matters had taken.

"I want to see you about the case of William Pickney, who called upon you and told you his name was Henry White," said Lawyer Marks.

"That's what you sent for me to come here for?"

"Yes."

"Then you've put yourself to unnecessary trouble. I have nothing to say about him."

"But I have one or two things to say in connection with him."

"Are you his lawyer?"

"I am."

"You don't expect me to give you any help, do you?"

"I do."

"You know I am likely to be called on by the prosecution when his trial comes on, so I don't know what you can expect to get out of me."

"Pickney thinks it would be to his interest if you did not appear as a witness against him."

"I guess I'm not the only witness that will testify against him at his trial."

"We won't discuss that point. What I want to know is what are you willing to take in order to find it convenient to be out of town when the district attorney wants you?"

"I see, you want to bribe me," said Jimmy.

"Are you anxious to testify against Pickney?" asked Marks.

"Not particularly so. He failed in his little game to sell me those worthless certificates so I have no cause, individually, to proceed against him."

"Just so. It is Platt & Co., who are prosecuting him, not you. Well, you have no special interest in Platt & Co., have you?"

"No."

"Exactly. Then if we make it an object to you you are willing to keep out of the case. Is that right?"

"No, it isn't right. If I'm subpoenaed as a witness, as I expect to be, I shall make my appearance in court. If I shouldn't be required to attend the trial I won't be there. That's the whole thing in a nutshell."

"Then you refuse to consider any proposition from me?"

"Of course I do. Do you suppose I'm going to put myself in a hole with the authorities to oblige you and Pickney? If you think so you are off in your calculations. I think you have considerable nerve anyway to entice me up here on such a proposition."

"I am sorry you look at the thing in that light. It is my duty, as Pickney's attorney, to do all I can to save him from going to prison. As you happen to be an important witness on the other side I naturally wish to get rid of you in that connection. I thought the simplest way to do it was to make you an offer of say \$500, half down and the balance after the trial, to induce you to

take a trip to Chicago or elsewhere on business of importance. The offer is still open to you, and you can collect \$250 of the money now if you consent."

"You are only wasting your time and mine by continuing this interview," said Jimmy, rising.

"So I think we had better quit right here."

"Then I can't do anything with you?"

"Not a thing."

"Very well. I shall have to turn you over to these two men, who are friends of Pickney. They may be able to argue the matter better than me."

"I don't care to talk to them."

"I think you will," said one of the men, rising and grabbing Jimmy by the arm, while the lawyer made a hasty exit from the room.

"Here, none of that," said the boy. "Take your hands off me."

"Sit down," said the man.

"Look here, if you think you can bulldoze me you're——"

"Sit down," said the man again, shoving a revolver in his face.

"Yes, sit down," said the other man, taking a revolver from his pocket.

Jimmy realized that he had been drawn into a trap.

CHAPTER XIII.—The Chance to Down Nathan Myers.

Most any boy would have been intimidated by the looks and actions of the two men, but Jimmy was an unusual boy, and he wasn't accustomed to having any one "sit on his neck," so to speak.

"No, I won't sit down," he said defiantly. "You couldn't make me do it with a Gatling gun. If you've got something to say, go on and say it."

"Do you want to walk out of this room, or will you be carried out?" said the man who had hold of him.

"I expect to go out the way I came in," said Jimmy coolly.

"Then you'll take the \$500 and go to Chicago or some other city as far away."

"I've already declined to make any deal for the money, so there is no use of you repeating it."

"I'll give you five minutes to come over to us or take the consequences."

"I don't need five minutes. I won't go over to your side, so that's all there is to it."

"Then you'll have to leave town without the \$500."

"Do you think you two can make me do it?"

"We'll have a hand in it. We are determined that you shan't testify against Pickney."

"I don't fancy you'll have anything to say about it."

With a sudden jerk Jimmy freed his arm and then, quick as a wink, he grabbed the barrel of the man's revolver and twisted it out of his hand. Then covering the other chap he backed towards the door.

"Don't move, gentlemen, or this gun might go off by accident and both of you might get hurt. As the law is on my side I have the right to protect myself at any cost, and I propose to do it."

Reaching the door he turned the handle and walked into the outer room where the clerk and Lawyer Marks were. They uttered exclamations of consternation when they saw the boy backing out with a revolver in his hand. Jimmy noticed that a key stood in the lock, so he took the liberty of locking the door and taking the key.

"What are you doing?" said the lawyer.

"Locking a couple of your supporters in your private room," replied the boy broker. "They had the nerve to draw revolvers on me. I don't approve of that kind of business, so I disarmed one of them and that kept them both from making any further move."

The lawyer and the clerk stared in wonder at the boy. They could not understand how Jimmy had been able to cope so successfully with the two men who were brought to the office for the express purpose of intimidating the young visitor.

"Are you going to make trouble for us?" asked the lawyer.

"I ought to have the bunch of you arrested. I'm surprised that you, a lawyer, should engage in such a game."

"You've got the better of us, so I'll admit that I'm not Marks, whose office this is."

"Oh, you're not? You're trying to crawl out of the responsibility when you see you are beaten."

"I tell you I am not Marks. I'm no lawyer."

Jimmy saw no use of continuing the talk, so he started for the door.

"Hold on," said the man who had posed as the lawyer, "hand over the key of that room, and the revolver you took away from one of the men inside."

"I'm not taking any orders from you. If the man will call at my office to-morrow he can have his gun. As for the key, I'm going to turn it over to the first policeman I meet and tell him the circumstances of the case. If you want to get your friends out in the meanwhile you'll have to break in the door."

With those words Jimmy walked out of the room and made his way to the street. The boy broker went home and told his sister and brother-in-law at the dinner-table what had happened to him, displaying the revolver as evidence. His sister thought he had had a very narrow escape, and said he should have had the men arrested.

"Then I'd have had to prosecute them, and I don't fancy going to court. I got the better of them, and that's satisfaction enough for me," replied Jimmy.

"You ought to report the matter to the district attorney," said his brother-in-law. "It was a clear attempt to bribe you made by the friends of Pickney. Now, bribery is a serious offence, and the fact that those men tried it on you, a witness against Pickney, shows that they fear your evidence will convict their man."

"Oh, he'll be convicted, all right. I'm not the only person he tried to sell that bogus stock to; besides, the certificates were found on him when he was arrested. Platt & Co. have a good case against the rascal, even without me."

"Well, it's your duty to advise the district attorney."

Jimmy decided that he would do so, and so next morning, when he reached the office, he dictated a letter to Miss Price, as soon as she came in, and later on he mailed it to the district attorney. Next morning he got a reply requesting him to call at the prosecutor's office. He went there and was shown into the room of one of the assistant district attorneys, who questioned him closely about the matter, and got an accurate description of the three men. A detective connected with the office was then put on the case. A few days afterward Abbott came in to see Jimmy on his way to his own office.

"I've got news for you," he said.

"What is it, Mr. Abbott?"

"Nathan Myers and some associates of his have started to corner S. & T."

"Is that so? What's their chances of winning out?"

"First-rate, as they figure it. They've already got the bulk of the stock in their possession, and will shortly begin boosting the price."

"Then I suppose there's no chance for me to get any of it worth speaking of?" said Jimmy.

"When I said they had secured the bulk of the shares I mean the bulk of the stock that's on the market."

"That ought to be enough to serve their purpose."

"Usually it would, for no syndicate can expect to get hold of the controlling interest of any good stock. That is always held by the insiders of the company, and they seldom take advantage of a boom to sell their shares unless they are certain they can buy them in again after the boom is over."

"Well?" said Jimmy, who saw that Abbott had something up his sleeve.

"You are anxious to get back at Myers for ruining your father," said the old man.

"I am."

"Here's a chance to do it."

"How?" asked the boy, with a sudden show of interest.

"I'll show you. Of course, in this case you can't single Myers out from the other members of the syndicate. If you checkmate the plans of the combine every man of the bunch who had put his money into the operation will have suffered alike. It is possible, though, that Myers, owing to the many enterprises he is connected with, will be the least able of all to stand the shock. Since you spoke to me about him, I have quietly investigated his business matters, and I find that if this syndicate fails to realize their plans, Myers will be so heavily involved that he is bound to go to the wall."

"You are sure of that?" cried Jimmy eagerly.

"I am certain. He has a dozen irons in the fire, as I believe you know, and none of them is panning out any great profit. He is not as wealthy as he is supposed to be. He never was actually worth more than half a million, and that limit has gone down within the last year. He has sunk money in two Western mines that he never will realize anything on. The industrial companies he is president of are both involved in liquidating with the patentee, and have had to file heavy bonds in order to continue work while the cases are pending. He counts on this stock deal to put him on his feet, and has put a quar-

ter of a million into the pool. At the present moment success looks so good that I have no doubt he is counting on making half a million in cash."

"And what is to prevent him doing it?"

"I think you can prevent him with my help."

"Then you can bet I'm on the job. I didn't look for such a chance for a while, yet, but it can't come too soon to suit me."

"Very well. Listen: The syndicate has paid out about all its money in acquiring the stock to put their operations through. The members know about where the balance of the shares are held, and they do not expect that any of it will be thrown on the market when the price goes up. Their calculations are very nicely made, but you know that in this world there is many a slip between the cup and the lip, and this probably more often happens in Wall Street than anywhere else. Now it happens that I learned that the Eureka Trust Company was about to offer 20,000 shares of the stock at the market place, the officers having no idea that a syndicate was in existence to corner and boom it. I had just found out all the facts about the syndicate, particularly Myers' connection with it, and so, believing you would jump at any chance which would put the man in your power, I at once purchased a fifteen days' option on 20,000 shares, at a three-point advance on the ruling price, putting up a deposit of five per cent, of the current value, or market price. That option I am ready to transfer to you on the same terms. If you accept, you will have the control of those 20,000 for two weeks. That will be long enough to work them in on the syndicate, for the price of S. & T. has already started to go up."

"Good!" cried Jimmy enthusiastically. "How much money will I have to put up?"

"At the time I made the deal the current price of S. & T. was 67. Multiply 20,000 shares by that figure and you have \$1,340,000 as the market value of the stock then. Five per cent. of that is \$67,000, which is the sum I advanced on the option. As I contracted to pay 70 for the shares, of course, when the stock is taken up \$60,000 must be added to the \$1,340,000, making the actual cost of the shares \$1,400,000."

"But I wouldn't be able to take them up, Mr. Abbott."

"Perhaps you won't have to. Here is your plan of operation: You pay me \$67,000 for the option. Understand?"

"Yes."

"Then you sit back and watch the course of events. Long before the term of the option will expire S. & T. will be above 70. The syndicate will force the price as high as their brokers can make it go. Let us say they will get it to 85, or even 90. It should reach either of these figures within ten days. The syndicate will then begin to unload quietly. That will be your time to act. You will send a broker on the floor with orders to offer the syndicate's brokers 5,000 shares. That is bound to give them a shock, for they will not be looking for such an amount of stock to come out. However, at any cost, they will take it. Then dump a second 5,000 on them. If they take it, follow with a third and, if necessary, the last batch. I doubt very much if they will be able to stand up under the third offering. If

by any means they should, the fourth will fetch them. You will put them on the run, a slump will take place—probably a panic on the floor—and the syndicate will go to smash. The members will have to settle next day. If they can't, they will have to call on you to make the best terms they can. You'll hold their orders for at least 15,000 shares, or if only 10,000, they'll be mighty badly hit. In the meantime you can sell the balance on the open market at any price you can get above 70."

CHAPTER XIV.—Laying the Train.

"That's fine!" cried Jimmy, with a glowing face.

"It is possible that all the members, except Myers, will be able to settle with your broker, for they are accounted rich men. In that case, you will have Myers alone on the hip, and he's the only man you care to down, anyway."

"That's right," nodded Jimmy. "But let us suppose the syndicate weathers the storm and takes in all of the stock?"

"In that case you will make the difference between 70 and the selling price on 20,000 shares, half of which you can turn over to me as my share in the transaction. I will raise the money for you to call the option so that you can have the shares ready to deliver to the syndicate."

"All right, sir. We ought to make \$150,000 between us in that case; but to tell you the truth, I'd rather lose my share of that for the satisfaction of getting even with Nathan Myers," said Jimmy.

"Well, I must get up to my office. Bring the \$67,000 up there and I will transfer the option over to you and then the future lies in your hands, but of course you can count on me for advice at all times."

The money-lender got up and took his leave. Jimmy lost no time in getting the money out of the safe-deposit box where he had \$160,000 on tap. Within half an hour the option was in his possession, and all he had to do was to watch the course of S. & T. Next morning a policeman called on Jimmy and told him he was wanted at the district attorney's office. He went there with the officer.

"We have caught the men who offered to bribe you," said the assistant district attorney. "I want you to go to the city prison with the officer and identify them."

"All right, sir," replied the boy broker.

Shortly after he reached the Tombs he was called into a room where a dozen men were lined up like a file of soldiers. Some of them were prisoners and the rest were detectives and prison attaches.

"Now," said one the wardens, "the three men you are to identify are in that line. See if you can pick them out."

Jimmy then picked out the two men who had threatened him with their revolvers. They stepped back when they got the order to do so. The third man eluded Jimmy because none of the parties had side whiskers. However, two of the men with smooth faces were his size and Jimmy told them both to step forward. He looked at them closely.

"What's your name?" he said to one.
 "John Doe," replied the man, with a grin.
 "And yours?" to the other.
 "I'm cake dough," he answered flippantly.
 "You mean your cake's all dough," replied Jimmy coolly. "You're the man. All I wanted was to hear your voice."

The chap was the fellow who had posed as Lawyer Marks. His side-whiskers had been false ones.

"Those are the four men," said Jimmy to the warden.

"You've got them right," was the reply. "That's all."

Jimmy left the Tombs and went back to Wall Street. He looked at his ticker before sitting down at his desk and saw that S. & T. was up to 69 1-2. He spent the day reading the financial and Western mining journals and keeping tab on the stock. It closed at 70 1-2, half a point above the price mentioned in the option. Next day it went to 72. The following day was Saturday, and there was a flurry in the stock which sent it to 75, but it fell back to 74. From the appearance of things, Jimmy judged that the syndicate had started the boom, and he looked for much excitement during the next week. Billy came in to see him at quarter of one.

"Hello, old hoss! How's things?" he said, taking a seat, crossing his legs and tipping his hat back.

"You appear to be feeling gay to-day, Billy," said Jimmy, looking at him.

"I'm as gay as a clam at high water. How many customers have you got on your books now?"

"Want to go into partnership with me that you are so curious about my business?"

"On what? Two thousand dollars? That's about all I've got."

"You haven't enough, Billy. After I get through the deal I'm in, it will take a quarter of a million to join hands with me, supposing I'd take a partner."

"What deal are you in now?"

"I couldn't tell you, Billy, but I'm going to make the fur fly."

Jimmy slammed down his desk, put on his hat and said he was going home. On Monday morning at eleven, S. & T. began rising again. Inside of an hour it was up to 77, and by noon it was at 80. In the afternoon it fluctuated back and forth and finally closed at 81. Jimmy called on Baxter.

"Mr. Baxter, I want you to be ready to sell 20,000 shares of a certain stock for me in 5,000 lots at a moment's notice."

"I'm your honey boy," laughed the broker. "What's the stock?"

"That's a secret till I put you wise."

"Got another tip, I suppose?"

"I won't say whether I have or not."

"This is going short with a vengeance, young man."

"I didn't say anything about selling short."

"You haven't got the stock, have you?" said Baxter, in surprise.

"I've got a fifteen-day option on it, which is the next thing to it."

"Oh, I see! Who is the victim?"

"Never mind that. The victim in prospect didn't sell me the option."

"Twenty thousand shares! Ye gods, you must be dealing in millions."

"I'm out for a million in Wall Street, but the date of its acquisition is at present indefinite."

"I'll do that, don't you worry, Watson," said Baxter, and the interview ended.

Next morning Jimmy was on the job with both feet, and he was a bit excited, for matters looked likely to eventuate that day, since the syndicate appeared to be losing no time in pushing up the price. S. & T. opened strong at an eighth above the closing price of the day before, and in an hour it was up to 85. Then Jimmy sent for Baxter to come out in the waiting room of the Exchange.

"Here's your order," he said.

"I had an idea it was S. & T.," said the broker, glancing at it. "Now what are your instructions?"

"A syndicate is behind the stock," said Jimmy.

"That seems to be generally understood now, though the members of it are not known."

"Well, Myers and Hitchcock are the brokers who will have charge of the selling when the syndicate is ready to unload. Keep your eyes on them closer than wax. I am going up in the gallery. There's few people up there, and I'll stand by myself near the center. As soon as you are certain those brokers are offering S. & T. around on the quiet, signal me by waving your hand in the air in a place where I can see you plainly. If I wave my hand back, go up to Myers and offer him the first block of 5,000 shares. If he hesitates to take it, tell him you'll throw it on the market. He'll take it in fast enough then. Give me the same signal if you have made the deal, or wave both hands if it is turned down. In the latter case, go back and throw the stock on the market, and follow it up with the rest in rapid succession."

"Great Scott, Watson, you'll break the price and precipitate a panic."

"That's my business."

"All right. I only meant to advise you."

"If Myers takes in the first block, as I look for him to do, watch for my second signal. When you get it, offer him the second block, under the same directions as the other, and signal results to me. If he takes it, I'll give you the signal when to offer him the third. If he takes that, too, the fourth will follow. I don't care for it to get as far as that. If it does I'll make more money, but my chances of beating the syndicate will then all depend on my last card, which you must offer with the intimation that more is likely to follow. That ought to complete his panic, anyway. Now get out on the floor."

The broker did so, and Jimmy started for the gallery entrance.

CHAPTER XV.—The Fireworks.

There were scarcely a dozen people in the gallery when Jimmy got there, and three of them were ladies. The boy broker took his place by

the rail, away from the others. He kept his eyes on the floor of the board room below, waiting for Baxter's signal. In about fifteen minutes it came. As Jimmy made no reply to it, the broker presently repeated it. Then Jimmy waved his hand and awaited the issue in some excitement. After what seemed to be an age he saw Baxter signal that the shares had been accepted. Jimmy waited a while and then signaled again. He followed the movements of Baxter and saw him go up to Myers. He saw Myers take off his hat and wipe his face with his handkerchief. Then he nodded and they exchanged memorandums.

Jimmy didn't need the signal which came to him to tell him that the syndicate had taken in the second block. He saw Myers watching Baxter, and when he signaled looked up at the gallery. His eyes rested on Jimmy, and seeing he was a boy, they passed on to a well-dressed man a few yards away. Jimmy waited till somebody came up to speak to Myers, when he gave the signal to sell the third block. Myers was fairly staggered by the third offer of 5,000 shares, but the fate of the syndicate depended on his taking them in at any cost, so he did so.

The fact was signaled to Jimmy, and the excited boy signaled back to offer the fourth block. Myers saw the signal, and spotted Jimmy as the person who made it. When Baxter came up with another 5,000 he uttered a howl of rage.

"I can't take it," he said, and then he made a dash for the gallery elevator.

At that moment Jimmy's attention was taken by Baxter's double signal, indicating that the stock had been refused. The boy broker then gave his final signal to have the shares thrown on the open market. The price at which the other lots had gone for was 88. Baxter offered 5,000 at that figure. No one wanted so much at such a high price, and the broker offered it at 87, and then 86, and finally 85. Brokers who had been buying, fearing trouble in the air, started to offer what they had. The excitement rose to fever-heat as the price rapidly slumped down to 80. At that moment Myers, white with anger, rushed into the gallery and swooped down on Jimmy.

"Who are you acting for?" he roared savagely, gripping the boy by the arm.

Jimmy was taken by surprise and, turning around partly, saw the furious face of Myers.

"How do you do, Mr. Myers!" he said suavely.

"So it's you, Master Jimmy Watson! Tell me who you're acting for this moment!"

"I'm acting for myself."

"You little liar! Give me a straight answer, or I'll throttle you!"

"I've given it to you," returned the boy coolly.

The furious man suddenly seized the boy.

"I'll fire you down into the pit!" he yelled.

With that, he raised Jimmy and tried to carry out his threat, but the lad grasped the railing. An attendant rushed toward them. Myers was a powerful man, and only for Jimmy's agility he would have swung the boy over. The young broker turned quickly, letting go his hands, and slid under Myers. Seizing the man by the leg, he held on till the attendant came up and interfered.

"I'll like to kill you!" cried Myers, shaking his fist at Jimmy. "You've ruined me."

"I'm glad to hear it, Mr. Myers. That is what I set out to do. You ruined my father, in a treacherous, rascally way, and if I have ruined you, you've only got what was coming to you."

Myers rushed at him with blood in his eyes, but the boy eluded him and rushed to the elevator in time to catch it going down. Leaving the building, he went straight to his own office. There Baxter found him half an hour later.

"Things went better for you than I expected they would," he said, "but you're the best-cussed person in Wall Street at this moment, though nobody knows your identity."

"One person does," replied Jimmy.

"Who is that?"

"Nathan Myers," and the boy broker told Baxter all about his encounter with Myers in the gallery.

"Better look out," warned Baxter. "He'll try to kill you."

"I'll take care of myself. Now your report."

"Fifteen thousand shares sold to the syndicate at 88; 1,000 to Ludlow, at 80; 1,000 to Carson, at 79; 1,000 to Black, at 78; 1,000 to Grace, at 73, and the last thousand to White at 76."

"First-rate," said Jimmy.

"What did you pay for the option?"

"Seventy."

"Holy smoke! You got it cheap. You must have cleared \$200,000."

"There's the figures," said Jimmy, who had been rapidly noting them down. "Just \$195,000, half of which goes to my partner in the deal, however."

"Then you have a partner in it?"

"Yes. Don't ask me his name, for I'll never tell you."

When Baxter went away Jimmy rushed up to Abbott's office.

"We've made nearly \$100,000 apiece, and I've busted the syndicate!" Jimmy cried exultantly.

"Good!" exclaimed the money-lender. "Let me have all the facts."

Jimmy told him all that had happened at the Exchange.

"You worked the deal like a veteran. Here is my check for the money to call the stock. Get it and put it in your safe-deposit box."

Next day every member of the syndicate settled their losses, except Myers. He couldn't, and after searching Wall Street for Jimmy, in vain, with a loaded revolver in his pocket he returned to his office and failed in business. Jimmy realized on his Exchange seat, which he attached before the other creditors swooped down on his mixed-up assets.

Thus the boy broker avenged his father and did not grieve a bit over Myers' losses. He was now worth \$350,000, and he began to pick up real business from that time. He kept on speculating with the same success, and two years later, when he married Virginia Price, he was worth a round million, thus making good his early boast that he was bound to get the cash.

Next week's issue will contain "A LUCKY ERRAND BOY; or, WORKING HIS WAY TO FORTUNE."

CURRENT NEWS

\$40,000 BULL ARRIVES.

Guarded by an armed watchman, a pedigreed bull purchased by Julius Schmid, wealthy importer, for \$40,000 arrived in a special car at his country place in Montgomery, Orange County, N. Y.

The bull is two years old and weighs 2,700 pounds. He was transported on fast trains, in a heated express car. The bull will be used for breeding purposes, and is known as the "aristocrat" of Holsteins.

CUBA GETS 50,000 NEW CENTS.

Twenty kegs containing 50,000 copper cents, made at the Philadelphia Mint, were shipped to Havana the other day on the steamship Morro Castle. It was the first batch of a large shipment of cents to Cuba, where they are direly needed. The cent almost passed out of circulation during the spell of high prices there. Now that prices have been reduced it is needed. That some high prices still prevail, though, was evidenced in the shipment of 5,000 tons of apples to Havana on the Pastores. They retail there at 50 cents each.

OLD WOMAN MAKES QUILT.

Mrs. Jackson Moon of Perkinstown, Wis., has just completed a quilt consisting of 5,760 pieces for her grandson, William Woods of Wausau.

The pieces were collected from friends and neighbors. Work on the quilt began last April. Two weeks of continuous sewing made Mrs. Moon's fingers so sore that she was compelled to abandon the work for a time, resting her fingers by spinning for a neighbor.

Mrs. Moon, although seventy years old, does her own housework, entertains much company, helps with the milking, churns three times a week, markets her butter, and no sick relative or friend can find a better nurse than she.

In the past twelve years this industrious lady has pieced thirteen quilts, each made up of thousands of pieces, all sewed by hand, for Mrs. Moon does not like to sew on a machine.

SEVEN-YEAR-OLD CHILD MAKES OCEAN TRIP ALONE.

A little 7-year-old boy has just reached the shore of America under circumstances that are very dramatic. Just as his mother, brothers and sisters were stepping aboard a steamer to join the father and husband in America the child was stricken with diphtheria and taken back to a hospital in Antwerp, to follow his mother as soon as he recovered. When the mother reached her home in Vermont she came to the home of the Council of Jewish Women and told her pathetic story. It took but a few days for the committee of immigration aid to set the necessary organized machinery in motion. The local committee on immigrant aid in Vermont communicated with the National Department of Immigration. All the national department com-

municated with its representative in Antwerp, and within a very short time a cable from Antwerp announced the recovery of the child and the name of the steamer on which he was sailing. The council's port representative at Ellis Island, supplied with the necessary documents and traveling money which the rejoicing parents had sent, met the little traveler and saw him safely on to his destination, where a very happy family was gathered to welcome him.

THE SILVER LINING IN THE DARK CLOUD.

The silver lining is to be found in the present economic and financial situation even if the cloud be black, according to the News, of Nebraska City, Neb. "The present period is one which in some respects affords an unattractive picture," says the News. "The world is now paying the fiddler for the orgy of war through which it has passed.

"With infinite pain and sorrow it is rebuilding its factories, establishing its deranged finances, repairing the wastage of blood and wealth. But this very fact affords a rich opportunity for those who can contribute the one thing which above all others is needed—capital."

"Never before in history was there held out such great reward for thrift and economy. A dollar invested to-day will bring almost twice as much as it did ten years ago, twice as much as it will ten years hence. The present is the golden opportunity, the opportunity which the people should not let escape them.

"Liberty bonds, the best security in the world, are selling to yield from 5 to 6 per cent.; the bonds of Belgium and Switzerland and Japan and the Argentine and other foreign countries promise to yield from 7 to 15 per cent. When one considers also the question of exchange and the likelihood that the purchasing power of the various currencies will gradually increase, the reward is still more alluring.

"The people of the United States should not let this chance pass. The world, so largely denuded of its capital by the war, is appealing to them for aid in getting once more upon its feet. By curtailing extravagance, by saving and wise investment they will not only aid greatly in rehabilitating the paralyzed industries of foreign nations, but will receive for so doing a rich reward. Now is the time for the United States to intrench itself as the great creditor nation of the world."

The safest, surest and easiest way to both save and invest is to buy Government savings securities and Liberty Bonds. These securities are adapted to every pocketbook. They are absolutely safe. They return a sure and adequate profit and the money invested is there to make both the Nation and every citizen more prosperous.

BUY U. S. S.

A Lawyer At Nineteen

—OR—

FIGHTING AGAINST A FRAUD

By GASTON GARNE

(A Serial Story)

CHAPTER II.—(continued.)

"You have shown such sharpness in the Smollett case that I want you with me in this matter, so read the papers carefully and tell me what you think may be done in the matter."

Lew took the papers, sat down, and bestowed an hour to reading them and thinking the matter over.

At lunch time Scribner handed him the papers in another suit.

"This is a case where Sniffen is the counsel for the defendant," he said to Lew, "and I want you to drop into his office and get an acknowledgment of service. It will only take you in a few minutes."

Lew took the papers and left the office.

Sniffen's offices were in a big building that he had to pass on his way to lunch, and he went there at once. Up he went to the fifth floor with the elevator, and just as he stepped out of it the door of Sniffen's office flew open and two boys, one without a hat on, rushed into the hall.

The one with the hat turned suddenly in his tracks, straightened up, and struck out from his shoulder at the boy without any hat.

The latter tried to dodge the blow, which had been aimed at his face, and succeeded in saving himself to the extent that the other's fist only caught him on the shoulder, but the blow staggered him badly, and while he was trying to recover his balance the other boy turned swiftly and ran for the head of the stairway.

Down he went, three stairs at a time, and an instant later the hatless boy rushed after him, uttering cries of rage.

Wondering what it was all about, Lew continued on his way and walked into the open doorway of Sniffen's rooms.

Sniffen occupied a suit of rooms that ran half the length of the floor, and were so arranged that the room in which Lew found himself was the reception room, where the office boy received and spoke to callers, while at one side was the lawyer's private office, and on the other side came a waiting room, and beyond that was a room for his clerks. The reception room was empty, and Lew sat down in a chair that stood close to the door of the private office.

Instantly he became aware of the murmur of voices in the private office, and being gifted with sharp hearing he heard what was said.

"Now, Mr. Lew, I'll hear what you have to say about your knowledge of the Winslow case."

Lew rose and went forward, and reached his door and the door of the private office.

"Well, sir," said a voice, "my testimony is about the same as what you've just heard from Mr. Dupree. We were both standing on the corner of the street at the moment that the car was coming around the corner, and we saw Mrs. Winslow come to the rear door of the car as though she wanted to get off. The conductor pulled the bell, and when the car had come around the curve it came to a stop, and Mrs. Winslow stepped down on the step of the car. Just as she had one foot on the ground and the other on the step of the car the conductor pulled the bell, the car started up suddenly, with a jerk, just as though the motorman had put the whole power on at once, and Mrs. Winslow was thrown to the ground, but she held on to the rail with one hand, and was dragged about twenty feet before the car came to a stop again. Dupree and I rushed over to her, picked the woman up, and carried her into a drug store, and after the druggist had given her something to quiet her she sent for a carriage and was taken home.

"You saw all this clearly, just as you have described it to me?"

"Yes, sir."

"Was the woman unconscious?"

"Yes."

"For how long?"

"Oh, for ten or fifteen minutes."

"And when she came back to her senses I suppose she groaned with the pain she was suffering?"

"Oh, she groaned something terrible," was the answer, and then the speaker and another man laughed loudly, as though something funny had been said.

"Well, I guess that's all I want," said Sniffen's voice. "You two may go now, but remember that the case is likely to come up at any time, so be sure to be on hand when you're wanted."

Then the door of the private office was opened.

Lew had his papers in his hand, ready to serve them on Sniffen, and he pretended to be reading them, but he could not resist the temptation to steal one glance at the two men who came out. They were an odd-looking couple, and would have commanded a second glance anywhere, for one was tall and the other was very short, and the tall man had but one eye and had what is known as a "cauliflower" ear, that is, an ear that had been permanently enlarged as the result of a blow of some sort that had inflamed it and increased its size, while the short man was badly crippled and walked with a decided limp.

This oddly assorted pair both glanced at Lew and he returned the gaze with interest, for he was now concerned in the Winslow case and he was sure that these two men were important witnesses in that section.

It seemed to the young lawyer that the tall man looked at him oddly, and that there was something like a gleam of recognition in his single eye, and also that he halted for just a moment, as though intending to speak, but so he changed his mind, and he and his companion went on out through the open door.

(To be continued.)

THE NEWS IN SHORT ARTICLES.

EGGS GOOD TRAVELERS.

Half a million eggs from China arrived in Minneapolis, January 24, after a twenty-one day journey, the first shipment of its kind to be received here.

The eggs are slightly smaller than the American product. They sold at 52 cents a dozen or 5 cents less than the price for domestic eggs. Not an egg was broken in transit.

A CHAIR HIS BIRTHDAY GIFT.

Mrs. William Simon of 1962 Washington avenue, The Bronx, New York, celebrated her husband's birthday last December 7 by throwing a dining-room chair at him, according to his complaint in a suit for separation which he filed in the Bronx Supreme Court.

"The day after," the complaint continues, "this was followed by a barrage of crockery, and when I told my wife I was going to attend a Zionist meeting she flew into a fury that rivaled the Atlantic Ocean at its worst, and threw an alarm clock at me, hitting me in the eye."

Simon alleges that he was compelled to go on a diet after his wife had threatened to get even with him by putting poison in his food.

"It was at this time," he says, "that food lost all its charm for me."

FAMOUS FOX HOUND SENTENCED TO EXILE.

Old King, the most famous fox hunter in Kentucky, was convicted at Winchester, Ky., on a charge of sheep slaughter. County Judge W. Lee Evans ruled the dog was guilty, but that instead of the death penalty, asked by the prosecuting attorney, the judge ruled that Old King must be exiled from Kentucky for the rest of his life.

Old King was tried on a charge that he, with two puppies, had killed some sheep belonging to Robert Taylor. The two puppies were acquitted.

Old King and the puppies belong to Frank Jones, noted fox hunter, and when the verdict of exile was pronounced, Jones announced he had received letters from all over the country, the burden being: "Don't let them kill that dog. Ship him to me and he will be safe and receive every care."

County Attorney H. H. Moore and V. W. Bush prosecuted the dog, and Jones employed Rodney Hazard and Benjamin Fishback, attorneys, for the defense.

WESTERN UNION OPENS LONGEST LAND WIRE.

The Western Union Telegraph Company opened on December 10 direct communication with Seattle. When an operator at 24 Walker street, New York, and another in the Western Union Building in Seattle started exchanging four messages at once—two from each end—the longest transcontinental circuit in the country was put into operation.

The circuit is of the "printer" type, the operator at each end stamping out a tape and machines doing the rest of the work. Throughout

the 3,381 miles of the circuit there are no manual relays, mechanical repeaters being used to send the dots and dashes from coast to coast.

The single strand of copper wire, grounded at either end, over which through messages hereafter will be sent, runs from New York to Chicago, thence to Minneapolis, Helena, Spokane and Seattle.

The termini are equipped with the most modern multiplex, which permits the transmission of four messages simultaneously each way. The capacity of the circuit is approximately 225 messages each way per hour. The construction consists of what is known as nine-gauge copper wire, which runs 210 pounds weight to the mile, and the poles are set 110 feet apart throughout the entire distance. On the basis of recent market price for copper wire, 18 cents a pound, it has cost a little more than \$125,000 for the wire. The cost of construction, including labor and material, runs approximately \$70 per mile.

The first messages exchanged over the wire included one from Mayor Hugh M. Caldwell of Seattle, a reply from Francis P. Bent in behalf of Mayor Hylan, and exchanges between S. H. Hedges, president of the Seattle Chamber of Commerce, and Darwin P. Kingsley, president of the New York Chamber of Commerce, and Charles P. Gwynne, secretary of that organization.

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THE "WHITE DEATH"

By Paul Braddon.

The ranch of Senor Diaz was on a charming slope overlooking the broad, smooth waters of one of the tributaries of the Parana, on whose opposite shore the rank grass grew ten and twelve feet high. The house itself had a tropical character; it was Spanish-American, with a cool, shady veranda, a long, low front, painted walls and latticed windows, a spacious court, and a flat roof, provided with a parapet, which gave the structure the semblance of a fort. Many acres of cultivated land showed long lines of sugar cane and tall trees laden with bananas, in surprising contrast to the dark, impenetrable mass of wild bush land which surrounded the settlement in the farther distance.

Senora Diaz was one of the tropical beauties of whom Murillo dreamed.

"I am going to test your gallantry," she said, coming out on the veranda where I sat, "by asking you to help me water my flowers, for with my lame hand it is not easy for me to lift the heavy watering-pot."

"I am at your service, but allow me—am I wrong?—to remind you that you promised me the story of how your hand was lamed."

"Certainly. As soon as the flowers are watered we will have coffee on the veranda, and you shall hear all about it."

Accordingly, I was shortly sipping coffee, with the little Lolita, my host's only daughter, and my pet, beside me, while her mother rolled a cigarette, lighted it, and began as follows:

"When we first came here, years ago, it was a very different-looking place. The wild bush land reached to the edge of the water, and was such a dark wilderness of thorns, brambles, palms, wild fig trees, and other tropical vegetation, that I did not dare venture in its depths. But my husband and his workmen went manfully to work, felled trees, uprooted stumps, made hedges and ditches, all day long, except in the severest heat, and I often saw them come home so wearied that they would fall asleep where they stood, and first think of food three or four hours later when they awoke.

After we had got the ground ready to plant, we had a throng of foes to combat. The worst were the ants, which, watched for on account of their depredations on plantations, have a way of making underground passages till they undermine the whole surface of a field, and it falls in like the crust of a cake. Just north of us is a great gap in the ground, full of bushes and tall grass, with here and there some rotten timber, where a whole settlement sank from the ants undermining the foundations. From this comes the saying we have in Paraguay that our worst enemies are the Indian braves and the Indian ants.

"Lacking, the only Indians were friendly ones, who exchanged all kinds of provisions, especially

dried meats, for knives and brandy. We poisoned the ants, dug up their nests, flooded their passageways with boiling water, and so, in a great measure, were free from them, although they now sometimes come from the woods to attack the plantation.

"But after them came another plague—snakes. For a long time I thought it was hopeless. My husband used to call them the tax collectors, and they did come just as regularly. No day passed without our finding one or more in the house. And once—oh heavens!—what a fright I had! When Lolita was a baby my husband and his men had gone off one morning to work, as usual, and the child was asleep on a mat at the end of the room. Suddenly I saw on the floor the skin of a mouse, from which the whole body had been sucked, as from an orange. I knew at once that a snake must be near, for they feed on mice, and eat them in this fashion; but, much as I looked around, I could see no snake, till all at once it occurred to me—perhaps it was under the baby's mat! I snatched the child up and placed her in safety. Then I softly lifted a part of the mat, and there it was, the long, slimy, green and gold reptile, coiled up and fast asleep. Ah, how I jumped! I ran out in the court to call help. Luckily, our man Jose was there, and he killed it. But as we cleared more acres the snakes left us to hide in the forest. I began to hope our cares were ended, but they had only just begun. Wild beasts now first appeared on the scene.

"One morning, just as we were at breakfast, one of our herdsmen brought the news that our cattle, which grazed in the tall grass on the other side of the river, had been attacked by a jaguar, that had killed one of the bulls. The man who told us just barely escaped with his life, yet he would scarcely have done so if he had not misled the beast, or had there not been a fat ox there.

"A week passed without a new alarm, and we had come to think less about it, when suddenly three or four Indians rushed to tell us how a great jaguar had broken into their camp and killed a woman and one of their dogs. When my husband heard the story he concluded that it was the same animal that had attacked our bull, for the Indians described it as a creature of singular color, far lighter than any they had seen about there, so they named it 'The White Death.' We all thought it now time to do something, and my husband called his people together to go out and hunt it.

"I remember that morning distinctly. They went away cheerfully enough, each man with his gun and hunting knife, and Moro, the bloodhound, was with him. My husband turned round just as he entered the wood and kissed his hand to me; then they vanished in the forest.

"When I found myself with Lolita in the house, and thought of what might happen if they met that terrible wild animal, such a anxiety seized me (although I never thought I could be in danger) that I could not be contented till I had looked every door in the house; and then I seated myself in the great sitting-room, took Lolita upon my lap, and tried to tell her a story.

"Suddenly I heard a scratch along the roof, and then a dull thud, as if something heavy had fallen. Anxious and nervous as I was, I started

up with a cry, although I had no presentiment what it was. The next moment I heard just over me a sound which I could not mistake—a long, passionate roar, that I had often heard from the woods at night, and never without feeling as if my heart stood still. The thought rushed through my mind, 'Oh, heaven! The jaguar!'

"I shall never forget that moment. One minute I was rigid and helpless as if life had departed, and then a thought flashed upon me—the jaguar was not to be kept off of the lower floor, because there were no doors, only curtains. There was a large empty chest in the room, and I seized my child and entered it, shutting down the lid and holding it from the inside.

"It was not a moment too soon. We were scarcely hidden when I heard the great claws scratching along the floor, and the hungry sniffing of the jaguar showed me that he was in search of food. He came straight to the chest, and paused a moment, as if he feared a trap. Then he put his head close to a small opening, so that I could feel his hot breath. He sniffed a little, and then tried to raise the lid with his paw.

"How I trembled! But the great paw would not go in the narrow crevice, and I held the cover fast by clinging to the inner part of the lock with all the strength of desperation. All he could do was to stretch out his tongue and lick my fingers till they bled, as if they had been scratched by a saw. And then, as he tasted blood, and heard Lolita cry—for my poor darling was just as frightened as I was—his eagerness increased, and he began to make piercing yells, which sent icy chills over me.

"Still the worst was yet to come. When the jaguar found that he could not reach me from below he sprang upon the chest. His huge weight crushed my two fingers between the two parts of the lock. Then I thought all was over, and shrieked so that it rang through the whole house.

"But my cries were answered by a sound that made my heart throb with joy—answered by the barking of our bloodhound. The jaguar heard it, too, for he sprang down, and stood for a moment listening, and then ran to the door, as if to flee.

"Again came the sound of the dog's bark, this time nearer, and at the same time the voices of men calling to each other. Contrary to expectation, they were already coming back. Meanwhile, the jaguar seemed to be bewildered, and ran wildly to and fro. Suddenly a loud cry came from one of the windows, and then two shots and a fearful howl. Then my husband's voice anxiously called:

"Lolita, where are you?"

"I could just get out of the chest, drag myself to the door and let my husband in. Then I sprang away.

"They told me afterward that our bloodhound found the jaguar's trail, leading straight back to our house, and they all hurried home like mad.

"My husband and Jose came ahead, and shot the jaguar.

"I could not move a joint of that hand for many weeks afterward. The Indians gave me

medicine to heal it, and they say that after a while I can use it again. I did not need this injury to make me remember that day. If I were to live a thousand years I could not forget the terrible moments I spent in that chest."

GOLDFISH BY THE TON.

Many tons of goldfish have been caught in the fishing grounds of the Portage River at Port Clinton, Ohio, by local fishermen during the past two months. Where these fish come from is a mystery, although they have been seen in this section before, but never in such large quantities. According to some of the fishermen, the first scattering of the fish was found in 1913 after the big floods of Ohio and the lake regions, and it was thought at that time that the fish may have been liberated from some of the park and resort aquariums by the overflowing of the flooded artificial ponds.

The first fish were found in small numbers at intervals by the fishermen who had their nets in Lake Erie, and an occasional fish would be brought ashore as a curiosity. Later the fish found their way to the marshes and inland waters of the fishing grounds of the Portage River, and it has been only during the past few months that they have been caught in large quantities. Hauls of from a ton to a ton and a half have been reported at a single time by the fishermen, who have their seine grounds for carp fishing, and these fish have appeared in large schools, making a very interesting sight when they are being rounded up for the lifting of the nets.

The fish are not of the glass bowl variety, but seem to be more of a carp species, and will measure several inches and weigh as much as a half pound each. They are placed in live cars and brought here to be loaded into express cars and shipped in tanks, alive, to New York markets, where they are sold to the retail and wholesale trade. Up to this time the local trade has not indulged in the goldfish for a food product, although it is said that the fish are of a very good quality, but have very fine bones.

They seem to have no trouble with the other members of the carp family, and their habits are said to be the same. The larger fish have the features of a carp, with the large scales, but a decided difference in the coloring. These fish are highly colored in the yellow and gold shades, with a little sprinkling of red, which makes them very attractive.

It is said that some of these fish have been placed in glass jars and held for some time, but that they did not take on additional size.

Charles Klingbeil of the United States Hatcheries here is of the opinion that these fish came from the aquariums of Belle Isle and Detroit during the flood times of 1913, and that during these past seven years have multiplied until the shallow waters of this vicinity have become inhabited by millions of fish. As the goldfish are adapted to the warmer waters, they have found the marshes of this section desirable quarters for their summer manœuvres, and during the winter months they seek the deeper waters of the Portage River, where they are protected from the ice and the freezing which would confront them in the marshes.

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ITEMS OF INTEREST

.32 CALIBRE BULLET FLATTENS ON HIS HEAD.

Philip Nickolow of Thomaston, Conn., has an armored head, in the opinion of doctors and officers.

When a bullet from a .32 calibre revolver fired at close range hit him on the forehead the missile simply flattened itself out.

Nickolow's skull was not even cracked and he is about as usual. His alleged assailant, Stanley Stachi, is under \$500 bond.

TELEPHONE 3,500 MILES.

Transatlantic radio telephony with 100 Watts appears to have been achieved by Hugh Robinson, a radio amateur of Keyport, N. J. Some time ago Mr. Robinson, while operating his radio telephone and transmitting phonographic music, was heard in Aberdeenshire, Scotland, or over a distance of 3,500 miles. It seems almost unbelievable that a radio telephone set operating on 100 watts should be heard over a distance of 3,500 miles, yet that is what the evidence in this instance would indicate.

THE ELECTRIC RAY.

An fine specimen of the electric ray or torpedo fish, seventeen by nine inches in size and weighing about two pounds, which was recently caught off the coast of Florida and forwarded to A. G. Reynolds, a local scientist, gave birth to fourteen young ones in the laboratory. This is the first recorded instance of such an occurrence, and the incident was considered so unique that the mother fish with her offspring, cured in formaldehyde, have been placed in the United States National Museum at Washington, D. C. The young fish measure about 3 1-2 inches long by 2 inches broad, and comprise nine males and five females."

POPOCATEPETL IN STATE OF ERUPTION.

The question which has been violently agitated in the newspapers recently, whether Mt. Popocatepetl is smoking, apparently has been settled in the affirmative by various persons who within the past few days have ascended this famous volcanic mountain.

El Universal several days ago announced that "Popo," which is the nickname the Mexicans have given to the mountain, was in a state of eruption and was emitting much smoke and steam. Other papers denied the story, asserting the Universal's reporter had merely seen a cloud hanging over the mountain.

The argument was not settled until four Americans from Mexico City spent four hazardous days climbing the mountain, the trip being so arduous that one, an itinerant photographer from Milwaukee, died later from exposure.

According to Henry E. Juergens, "Popo" is in a state of mild eruption, emitting steam and smoke at intervals but no lava. Its crater is about 800 feet in diameter and 1,000 feet deep and a descent into the crater may be made for several hundred feet. There is a continuous rumbling and groaning inside the mountain with occasional heavings during which huge boulders at the bottom of the crater are lifted several hundred feet.

The ascent of the mountain is made by way of Amecameca, a small village at its base. Mules carry the climbers to timber line over a thin trail and from there it is an exhausting struggle through knee-deep snow coated with a deceptive covering of sand. The four Americans made the ascent from timber line in six hours.

LAUGHS

"Some scientists," began Mr. Gay, significantly, "consider kissing dangerous. Do you?" "Well," replied Miss Smart, "I think it would be for you. My big brother is within call."

Alice (aged five)—Mamma, my appetite says it's time for dinner. Mother—Well, dear, go and see what the clock says. Alice (some seconds later)—The clock says my appetite is ten minutes fast!

"Did yiz iver make anny money backin' horses, Mulligan?" "Sure, Oi made a hundred dollars wance." "How did yel do ut?" "Oi backed him down a cellar an' thin sued the mon for lavin' th' door open."

Hostler—I let Jones take the gray cob on trial, sir. Liveryman—Huh! That's the last we'll see of of Jones. Hostler—Oh, I know Mr. Jones very well, sir. Liveryman—Yes, and I know that gray cob very well, sir!

"Willie, are you and Ben in any mischief out there?" "Oh, no," replied the boy. "We're all right. We're just playing ball with some eggs the grocer left, to see how many times we can catch one before it breaks."

A teacher asked her class to draw a picture of that which they wished to be when they grew up, and all went diligently to work except one little girl, who only chewed her pencil. "Don't you know what you want to be when you grow up, Anna?" asked the teacher. "Yes, I know," replied the little girl, "but I don't know how to draw it. I want to be married!"

ITEMS OF GENERAL INTEREST

SELLS LOOT AT AUCTION.

George Troop, George Kissinger and Harry Pfeffer were arrested in Lancaster, Pa., January 24, on the charge of robbing George B. Brenner's store early Sunday morning and carrying the booty by motor truck to Violet Hill, a village near York, and auctioning it off before church time, from the truck at such absurdly low prices that practically everybody in the village and neighborhood became buyers.

One man got ten pairs of shoes for \$7. To-day most of the stolen goods were recovered, buyers hurriedly surrendering them for fear of being arrested for receiving stolen property.

SLICK GAME DIDN'T FOOL THE WILY SHERIFF.

Eugene Heiler of Chicago and James Felton of Saginaw passed around "doped" cigarettes and candy at the State Bank of Crystal, a village near Canton, Mich., January 24, until the cashier and two deputy sheriffs, who were stationed at the bank to guard against bandits, had become unconscious.

Heller and Felton then are alleged to have seized all the money in sight and started for their automobile. They were captured, however, by Sheriff Curtis, who had watched the procedure from a hotel lobby across the street.

The men were brought to the county jail.

CHICAGO JAILS HER STAR PICKPOCKET.

Eddie Jackson, Chicago's perfect pickpocket, is no longer "Eddie the Immune." For years Eddie has laughed at the efforts of the police to jail him. But he met his Waterloo, when Judge Caverly, in the Des Plaines police court, fined him \$10 and sentenced him to a year's imprisonment.

Eddie came to court with his old time nonchalance, but neglected to bring a lawyer.

"Gee, but they're breaking bad for me lately," sighed Eddie. "This is the first time in ten years that the dicks got to me. I should have brought a lawyer with me, but you know I have passed a third of my life in court rooms beating the hollers of the suckers, that it seemed a useless expense. I guess a lawyer is a good investment for a guy when he's in trouble all right."

THIEF GETS AN OVERCOAT.

A thief in search of an overcoat tried his luck at the City Hall, New York, the other day and found it good. He stole an overcoat from the committee room while the Board of Estimate was in session. The overcoat was that of Frank X. Sullivan, Commissioner of Public Works. Commissioner Sullivan paid \$150 for it a few days ago.

The connoisseur of overcoats passed by the less resistant garments of Borough Presidents Curran, Riegelman, Bruckner and Connolly and made an attempt to break into the office a few feet

away where Mayor Hylan meditates upon the security of life and property in New York.

In order to get into the committee room he had to pass through two metal gates, one of which has a spring lock, the secret of which is supposed to be confined to city employees and trusted visitors, and through double doors which also have an automatic lock.

DOG LEFT BEHIND.

When Mr. and Mrs. Sylvester Cecil, who formerly lived in St. Louis, Mo., moved from Eldorado, Kan., to Wichita Falls, Tex., on Aug. 30, 1919, they left Shepp, a collie dog, the pet of their three children, in the care of a neighbor, Mrs. Julius Busch.

On Oct. 2, 1919, Mrs. Busch wrote Mrs. Cecil that the dog, after showing signs of restlessness, had disappeared. On Aug. 15, 1920, Mrs. Cecil opened the door and found the dog. It had traveled more than 630 miles to find its playmates, the children.

"He rushed into the house," Mrs. Cecil recently wrote, "and immediately recognized the children. He seemed to make more of them than ever before. For several weeks he would not let them get out of his sight."

"The dog was given to my eldest son, James, about seven years ago by his grandmother, Mrs. James Coffey, of St. Louis."

GOVERNMENT SCHOOL SAVINGS PLAN MEETING WITH SUCCESS.

The Government School Savings plan which has been introduced in the schools of New York State and New Jersey as a means of helping the boys and girls accumulate a personal "Success Fund" is meeting with continued success, according to reports from various schools.

In writing of the effectiveness of the Government School Savings Plan, which in this instance enabled 236 children to accumulate \$439.08 in the last three months, Miss Luella C. Harris, of Public School No. 13, Elizabeth, New Jersey, says:

"This money was not all used in purchasing Thrift Stamps, but a good deal was deposited with the teacher to buy necessary clothing. The children have taken great pride in coming to my office to show me new suits, new dresses, shoes, gloves, rubber boots and rubbers that they have purchased with their own savings."

"This school is in a foreign district and among some very poor people, so that sometimes the savings have been used for food in cases of emergency. We are working here to teach Thrift to the little foreigners and help them in every way we can."

This report is encouraging in view of the fact that the children attending this school are mostly small and unable to work much to earn extra money after school hours. The saving of \$439.08 on the part of 236 children in three months, is therefore highly gratifying.

—BUY W. S. S.—

INTERESTING NEWS ARTICLES

LETTER ON WAY 19 YEARS.

A letter that had been nineteen years on the way, part of the time traveling through the war capitals of Europe, was delivered to Mrs. Fred I. Pratt of Dedham, Mass., Jan. 28. It looked like a futuristic conception of the international postal system gone mad, with more than a score of foreign postmarks cutting curliques with domestic marks.

London, Petrograd and Berlin and other far places were registered, with the little station of City Mills, from which the letter was sent on February 2, 1902.

Some of the dates indicated that the letter at times was within a day or two of overtaking Mrs. Pratt. At others it was years behind, and oddly it found her to-day within a few miles of its starting place.

ALARM CLOCK HIS UNDOING.

An alarm clock going off in the pocket of Benjamin Levine, deckhand, just after he came out of Gimbel's store at Broadway and 33d street late the other afternoon, spoiled whatever chances he had of convincing Miss Ethel M. Cummings, store detective, who had followed him, that he did not have the clock.

Miss Cummings told later before Magistrate Silberman in the Night Court she had seen Levine take the clock, which was worth \$14, put it in his pocket and then walk out. She had caught up with him and accused him of the theft. He denied it, and she reached for a suspicious-looking bulge in his coat pocket.

As she did so the alarm went off and a policeman made the arrest. Levine pleaded guilty and was held in \$500 bail for trial in General Sessions.

CIGARETTE STUBS SHOCK COLLEGE HEAD.

Startled by the number of cigarette stubs swept up from the gymnasium floor after the senior ball at Syracuse University, Chancellor James R. Day took the students to task for smoking on the campus and also criticized the co-eds for the scanty dresses worn at the ball.

"For heavens sake," wrote the chancellor to the college paper, "be men; be bigger than a cigarette."

"How men can smoke in the face of ladies on such occasions can be explained only by a lack of self-respect," the chancellor said. "This is perilous. At the senior ball the materials were infernal—the dresses (what there was of them) the decorations and the floor itself. This suggested no restraint to the young men who found it impossible to refrain from their darling cigarette dope. The quantity of cigarette stubs swept up in the gymnasium the morning after the ball was startling."

HISTORY OF THE PUMPKIN.

The term pumpkin, a corruption of pompon, is very loosely applied in this country. In some sec-

tions it is used to include the squashes, members of another species.

The pumpkin is an annual, belonging to the gourd family. It is a vigorous, prostrate plant, running twelve feet or more, with a hairy, almost prickling stem. It bears large, bell-shaped yellow flowers, five cleft, the base adherent to the calyx tube, with three long, much curved anthers, which unite into a small head, and three stigmas. The fruit is fleshy, with a firm rind, and is nearly round. The outer surface is ribbed or furrowed, the internal portion mellow and crossed by puffy threads. The average size of the fruit is about one foot in diameter, though it is often much larger; its color is of a clear, orange yellow.

Pumpkins are largely cultivated both in Europe and our country, playing an important part during the Thanksgiving festivities when made into pies.

As ordinarily grown the seeds are planted in fields of corn and potatoes and the plants left to take care of themselves, yet even with this neglected cultivation it often yields as much as a ton of the fruit per acre without apparent detriment to the yield of corn or potatoes in the same field.

The native country of the pumpkin is disputed, but there is good reason to believe that it is indigenous to America. The common field pumpkin was much used for food in New England before the introduction of improved varieties or of the more edible squashes, being made into pies, cooked as squashes are now cooked, or baked, the seeds and stringy matter having been removed. For winter use it was cut into strips and dried in the sun or in a warm room. At present it is mainly used to feed farm animals, which eat it with avidity, though the seeds, being diuretic in their action, need first to be removed. This variety is of a rich orange yellow color, shaped round with flattened ends, averaging about fourteen inches long by twelve inches wide. The flesh is yellow, generally coarse grained and often stringy, yet still esteemed by many above the improved varieties for making the favorite pumpkin pie.

Of all varieties the Canada and Vermont pumpkin is one of the best for animal food and of excellent quality for the table. It is of large size, oblate in form, with deep ribs and a deep orange yellow color. The flesh is much sweeter and less stringy than the common pumpkin.

The cheese pumpkin is a remarkably vigorous and productive plant, the fruit large, much flattened and deeply ribbed. Its color is a pale orange. The flesh is sweet and well flavored.

There are several other varieties, the best of which for culinary purposes is the sugar pumpkin. This pumpkin is small, being eight or nine inches broad and six deep, but is an abundant bearer of excellent quality, being unsurpassed for pies and superior to most squashes for table use.

If the grower desires very large pumpkins for exhibition purposes, an acre or so should be reserved for the purpose, and the vines should be removed from the vines.

NAVY RECRUITING STOPPED

Secretary of the Navy Daniels announced on January 4 that recruiting for the Navy has been stopped for the present, the enlisted strength having reached 132,000. The naval appropriations for the current fiscal year were made to take care of the pay of an average of 120,000 enlisted men. By expiration of enlistments the number soon will drop to about 122,000, which will give the Navy an average of 120,000 for the fiscal year ending June 30. One reason for the action is uncertainty as to the number of enlisted men Congress will authorize for the next fiscal year. Another reason is found in the fact that the U. S. Atlantic and Pacific Fleets soon will sail for their rendezvous at the Pacific entrance to the Panama Canal. Although the Marine Corps has not suspended recruiting, the standard has been raised, requiring a minimum of twenty-one years of age, five feet five inches height, and 130 pounds weight. The quota for January has been cut to 1,400 and this low figure will keep the enlisted personnel of the corps within the average of 20,000 for the fiscal year 1921.

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PSYCHOLOGICAL LIVING BEYOND OUR MEANS

According to the editor of the New York Medical Journal we are all fooling ourselves, living psychologically beyond our means. We are accepting without question certain standards and ideas that seem good and beautiful, but we are not trying to ascertain if they really represent the inner truth of human life and of human lives.

And he quotes Freud as having taught us how different this truth is from the external standards toward which we strain. We set up high standards and fool ourselves into thinking we accept them, and then they inexplicably collapse. We deny death, which comes after all. Living beyond our means!

What we need is to strip away the lies—beautiful though they be—that cover the weaknesses in individuals, in social institutions, in national and international character, and get down to the bedrock in which we shall find out just what human means are and then educate ourselves and our dependents down to them.

GLYCERINE MADE FROM SUGAR

In a recent issue of Chemical Age are to be found quotations from certain German technical papers to indicate that glycerine was produced upon a large scale from sugar in Germany beginning in 1915. Early in the war Germany had a considerable excess of sugar and the population was urged to use plenty on account of its food value. Later, however, on account of various uses found for sugar, it became scarce and people found it difficult to follow the advice given earlier.

The transformation of sugar into glycerine was accomplished by a bio-chemical method. It was known that with yeast, fermentation of sugar could be carried on in a way to convert 3 per cent. of the sugar to glycerine. By the addition of various alkalies this percentage could be increased, and sodium sulphate was found to be the best material. As much as 36 per cent. of the sugar was converted into glycerine. Acetaldehyde was also produced. The production of glycerine by this method exceeded 2,200,000 pounds a month and is, comments the Scientific American, a striking sample of the possibilities in the new fields opened through biochemical processes.



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